

William Oliver
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ONE PENNY.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE state of affairs in Italy again begins to attract the attention of Europe. The feeling that there can be no Italian unity as long as Rome is in the possession of a foreign Power, is once more gaining ground throughout the Peninsula, and venting itself in innumerable speeches, pamphlets, and addresses. Another special ambassador has been sent by Victor Emanuel to the grim Sphinx at the Tuileries, but with little effect. Sphinx knows that the business he has undertaken, of protecting the holy Pontiff, is too valuable to be given up without "compensation," and, therefore, wants this little affair settled before entering upon further negotiation. However, the people of Italy seem rather doubtful about the propriety of offering up further sacrifice to their mighty liberator, and are greatly inclined to manage matters their own way. So things rest for the present—both liberator and liberated awaiting the turn of events. It appears but too probable, however, that the watchful Sphinx will have his will in the end.

Nearly all the continental as well as English newspapers for the past week have been filled with the details of the coronation of the King of Prussia. It was a wonderful sight, say all the reporters; a spectacle in which royal upholstery nearly outdid itself. Such a profusion of diamonds, ermine, gold, and pearls and precious stones, was never seen before; while wine was flowing in streams, and gorgeous dinners and suppers could be had for the asking. Everything, in fact, was "regardless of expense." The people who will have to pay the bill, it seems, were not present, and so there was no grumbling. The last

news says that the King and Queen have returned to Berlin, with very bad colds, caught while being crowned. It is clear there are two sides to every picture—even to that of a splendid coronation, got up regardless of expense.

The American struggle is now gradually rising from the misty atmosphere of party strife, into which it was thrown by the confused events following the destruction of the Union. For the first time, the voice of a statesman of position and influence has risen above the din and howl of the multitude, and proclaimed the principles of the battle now pending. The Hon. Charles Sumner is the first man who has had the courage loudly to state his conviction that the struggle, shall it be successful, must be openly anti-slavery. All honest men, in and out of America, have long been of this opinion; but the preponderance of the slaveholding interest, and its friends and abettors in North and South, has hitherto prevented the open exposition of the doctrine. It is a healthy sign that the word Abolition can be openly pronounced now in at least some districts of America. When Mr. Charles Sumner proclaimed, at the Republican convention at Worcester, the necessity to "carry Africa into the war, in any form, any quantity, any way," the report tells us that he was not only listened to without the exhibition of bowie-knives, but encouraged in his frank speech by a very whirlwind of applause. Let Anti-slavery, then, be written on the banner of the Northern States, and England, and Europe will be as enthusiastic in their sympathies as the meeting at Worcester.

At home, the week has been unusually quiet. Parliament has been formally prorogued for another couple of months, and

political discussion, meanwhile, is given up to provincial gatherings and rural assemblages, at which industrious M.P.'s rehearse their future speeches. Her Majesty's Ministers, too, are taking their annual holiday; some in real retirement; others more busy than ever in superintending administrative arrangements, and expounding the Whitehall oracle. More interesting to the public at large than these doings, has been the return of Her Gracious Majesty, from her secluded Highland home to the metropolis. Her Majesty, it is almost unnecessary to state, has been greeted throughout the whole journey from the North to the South of her realm with the utmost sympathy and love.

The long predicted cloud seems to come nearer and nearer the manufacturing districts, where the produce of the slave is shaped into clothing for the world. Ominous little paragraphs of news from Lancashire state that such and such mills are beginning to work short time; that at others "hands" have been discharged; and that some will be closing after a while. The stock of cotton, all reports agree, is getting smaller from day to day, and the hoped-for supplies from India, Egypt, and other countries, appear as yet a long way off. Under such circumstances, the question arises on all sides, what is Government doing to prevent a crisis, and to keep starvation from the door of millions of men? It is clearly a case of great urgency, and infinitely more important than the management of international exhibitions, or the building of iron-clad steamers. As yet, not a word has come from official regions showing that the executive has acted seriously in the matter.



MISS LOUISA JOLLY.



JOHN CURRAN, THE CARDRIVER.

THE OUTRAGE AT DUBLIN.

(SEE FOLLOWING PAGE).

FROM SKETCHES TAKEN BY COLLETT C. NICHOLLS, ESQ., DUBLIN.

OUTRAGE ON A LADY AT DUBLIN.

(SEE THE TWO PORTRAITS ON FRONT PAGE.)

On Friday, John Carran, cab-driver, charged with a criminal assault upon Miss Louisa Jolly, was brought up at the head police-office, at Dublin. When Miss Jolly was brought into the court from an adjoining room, where she had been waiting with her mother, her brother, and some female friends, the interest her appearance excited was intense. She seems to be about 20 years of age, rather above the middle height, with regular features, inclining to fullness, a very fair complexion, and dark brown hair. Her manner was quiet and ladylike, though at first the painful peculiarity of her position caused her to be nervous and embarrassed. Her evidence all through was given in a very low tone of voice. She said she had been residing at Rathgar. On the evening of the 27th of September she was at a religious tea-meeting at Dublin, accompanied by her brother, and left the meeting at five minutes to 10 o'clock, in order to be in time for the last omnibus to Rathgar. The night was wet, stormy, and dark. Accompanied by her brother, she proceeded into Sackville-street, and then found that the omnibus was gone. Returning, they went in search of a cab. They found one drawn up close to the footway. The door of the cab was opened by the cabman; her brother put her in, kissed her, and wished her good night. During the few minutes' conversation about the fare she observed the man's features and dress. The horse was a bad one, and moved slowly for some time, and until the cab arrived at Clason's-bridge, nothing remarkable happened. Not far beyond that the cab stopped, at the left side of the road. She observed "This is not the place." He said "All right, Miss," and then, partly entering the cab, attempted to kiss her. She jumped up and screamed. He then seized her by the hair and the front of her dress, and attempted to drag her out of the cab. He succeeded; and she fell on her back on the ground. He seized her by the throat with one hand and put the other on her mouth. She was nearly choked, but she screamed as loud as she could under the circumstances. He was stooping over her, she thinks kneeling, but she got her feet against him and kicked him from her. He immediately returned and seized her in the same way again; but the horse at that moment moved, and he went to it. Up to this time she was lying on the ground. Taking advantage of his absence, she rose and ran along the road towards the bridge. She tried to leap over a ditch into the field, but fell into the ditch, which was full of water, lighting on her feet. The water was up to her waist. Meantime the man got on the cab and drove to the place where she was, when he stopped and jumped over the ditch into the field, she running to escape him, still in the water. He seized her by the shoulder and attempted to drag her out, and tried to persuade her to go back to the cab. She refused, and offered him his fare, dropping it into his hand. He put it in his pocket. He then swore that he would not lay a finger on her if she went back to the cab, and said that she would never find her way home. Pretending to consent, she said she would follow, in order to get him away. She then got out of the ditch and ran across the field. She fell into two or three dikes, and stumbled every now and then as she crossed the field. Came to a hedge and ditch, and fell; scrambled over and concealed herself in a ditch, and while lying there heard the cab drive away. She had seen a lamp, and directed her course towards it; saw a train pass; knew that it was near the railway; tried to get over a wall, but could not; then climbed over a paling; rolled down a steep place, where there was water at the bottom; scrambled out of that and got up a steep place, when she found herself on the line. She went along the line till she came to a wall, where she rested, and went to the station, and told the stationmaster what had occurred. He took her into his house, and his family were very attentive to her. So far Miss Jolly's evidence.

The witness positively and unhesitatingly identified the prisoner as the cabman who had ill-treated her. The prisoner, in consequence, was committed for trial at the next commission, and removed in the prison van to Kilmmainham Gaol.

A BLONDIN OF THE LAST CENTURY.

The feats of the Blondins and Leotards of our day, with all the skill which they exhibit in balancing themselves on the tight-rope, are insignificant compared to those of a famous "balancer" of a century ago. Leigh Hunt, in his "Saunter through the West-end," tells us of the time when crowds flocked to the Haymarket theatre to see the famous Mr. Maddox—the most wonderful achiever of balances "under difficulties," who formerly made his fortune there.

"He danced on wire, and did all sorts of impossible things with straws, eggs, wine-glasses, and tobacco-pipes. The following are samples from his livery-demonstrations:—

"'Sounds with one foot on the wire, balances a straw on the edge of a glass, and plays on the fiddle at the same time.' 'Will set a table across the wire, and perform a table dance with three powder plates.' 'Stands on his head on the wire in full swing.' 'Tosses and catches a straw on different parts of his face, and from his left to his right shoulder, from thence to his knees down to his feet, tosses it up again to his forehead, and from thence to his right heel; then holds a wine glass in his mouth, and tosses the straw with his heel into the glass; takes the straw with the ear downwards, and with a blast blows it topsy-turvy.'"

"This illustrious performer on the straw appears to have been the 'star' of the greatest magnitude that ever drew crowds to a theatre. He fairly 'dwells apart' in the annals of stage profits. He made (and he made it, observe, in days when the run was far greater than now) £11,000 in one season, 'which,' says our informant, Mr. Smith, 'is £2,500 more than Garrick's a few years previous.' This is the greatest blow to the vanity of public fortune-making that we ever read of. Goldsmith, who condescended to be jealous of all stage performers, from 'Polly and the Pickpocket' (as he called those in the Beggar's Opera) down to the heroes of a puppet show (not considering that his fine genius was made cheap by printing, and was of a nature to be immortal), might have died of Mr. Maddox. A straw clucked from shoulder to shoulder at the rate of twenty guineas a time! Head of Fo! What would Confucius have thought of it? It is to be allowed that Mr. Maddox's perseverance must have been great, and that the ingenuity of his shoulder-blades deserved attention, whatever might have been said to their opulence. The probability is, therefore, that with such tangible proofs of attractiveness in his accomplishments, Mr. Maddox took himself for a great man, and drage about in his carriage with an air of dignity."

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

The chief topic of conversation in Paris is concerning a royal match said to be in course of arrangement between the Prince Royal of the Netherlands and the Princess Anna Murat. This young and beautiful Princess, who has so suddenly risen to be the star of the Imperial Court, is in her nineteenth year, and the Prince Royal of the Netherlands is twenty-one. The Princess is remarkable for beauty, being of the brilliant and vigorous nature which distinguishes the Murat family, and which rendered King Joachim the *beau idéal* of the bold dragons, with the long sword, saddle, bridle, ringlets and pig-tail, jack-boots, snow-white smalls, and tri-coloured feather of his day, and the hero of all the coloured prints still beheld in French cottages.

The accounts from Besaiges respecting the mine of Lille, inundated the other day, are very sad. There are still 107 miners buried in the galleries, to which access is shut off; and it is calculated that, working vigorously day and night, as the men are now doing, and with all the means collected by the authorities and others, at least four days must elapse before an entrance can be effected. It will be remembered, perhaps, that two poor fellows have been rescued; a third was drowned at the last moment. The account of their position, and of the efforts necessary to release them, affords some idea of the obstacles to be overcome. They were at the upper end of a gallery, the pitch of which was so steep that they could only maintain their position with difficulty; a huge gulf of water yawned below; they were in total darkness, and had for their sustenance only the dinner of one of the party, and a bottle of wine. Their release was accomplished by an excavation through beds of coal intermingled with rock, more than ninety feet deep. A single unfortunate blow of a pick might have opened a passage for the water, which was only kept out by a slight wall of coal, and have caused the death, not only of the unfortunate captives, but also of many, if not the whole, of those who were labouring to release them. These operations were directed by the two chief engineers on the spot, MM. Parran and Chalmeton, who assumed the post of danger, and lay at full length, pick in hand, where the most care and skill were required, and where an error, or even an accident, might have been almost certain death. The lowest estimate of the number of men certainly lost is eighty, or, in other words, the highest number possibly still alive in the mine is thirty-seven; but the chances in favour of one-half of those being saved seem very small.

PRUSSIA.

The gorgeous ceremony of the coronation of King William I. of Prussia took place in Königsberg on Friday last. The ceremonial commenced at ten o'clock in the morning, at which time the Castle church was crowded to excess. The old church was beautifully decorated within, every one of its pillars being richly gilded on base and capital, and the arches which spring out of them decorated in a similar manner. The church was draped in crimson velvet, and the covered way, or canopy, by which the royal procession passed from the Castle steps across the court-yard and into the church was hung with crimson velvet drapery, and sustained by gilded pillars. At ten o'clock the first notes of the coronation march, composed expressly for the occasion by Meyerbeer, were heard, and immediately after the royal procession left the castle, passing under the archway of gilded pillars and crimson drapery which had been erected around the castle door, descended the steps, which were carpeted with crimson, marched under the canopied passage I have described, and entered the church. The court-yard was filled by the Handwerke, or trades' guilds, and the passage was kept clear by the Garde du Corps. The procession was led by the pages of the royal and princely households. Then followed the official representatives of the several districts of the monarchy: then the herald of the kingdom, with the silver staff; the chief officers of the court, state, and household; then the bearers of the insignia of the kingdom, and then the King, who wore the crimson robes belonging to the order of the Black Eagle. The Crown Prince and the other royal princes followed, and then came the Queen, the Crown Princess, and their attendant train. The court preacher offered up a prayer and delivered a sermon, which was in itself rather a prolonged prayer for the King and the welfare of the kingdom than a popular discourse, and the choir having intoned the "Domine Salvum fac Regem," the King approached the high altar, and remained for a while in silent prayer. The royal crown, orb, sceptre, and sword having been laid upon the altar, his Majesty put the crown upon his head, took the sceptre, and subsequently uplifted the sword. The consecrating preacher delivered appropriate prayers. The Queen then approached, and his Majesty placed upon her head the crown which she is destined to wear. His Majesty then saluted her, and immediately after was greeted by the Crown Prince and Princess, and the other princes and princesses of the Royal house, each of whom he affectionately embraced in turn. The procession was again formed in the same order as before, and passed out of the church into the court-yard. The court-yard was at the time filled by the soldiers, who were formed to keep the passage, by the Handwerke, in their uniforms and with their banners, by the spectators who were privileged to have places on the tribunes on either side, and by a vast assemblage of persons who were allowed to be present. When the king in his coronation robes appeared at the church door, a cheer was raised, which was again and again taken up and echoed by the concourse who had assembled outside the precincts of the castle. The royal procession again traversed the court-yard, under the covered way, and ascended the castle steps. Arrived at the top of the steps his Majesty turned round and gazed upon the assemblage, and an enthusiastic cheer was raised, mingled with cries of "Long live the King!" Until the King had retired into the Castle the cheering was maintained. The coronation march was again played, and the drums and trumpets of the military bands were sounded. The King proceeded to the throne-room, where the princes of the Royal family and the most distinguished of the invited guests assembled around him. The King ascended the throne, the Crown Prince took his place on the highest step, and the other princes below. The Minister of the Interior greeted his Majesty as King of Prussia; proclamation was made from the steps of the castle, and the Herald of the Kingdom on horseback in the court yard cried "Long live King William I."

The drums and trumpets of the troops were again heard, and a salute of 101 cannons announced the conclusion of the ceremonial.

His Majesty of Prussia, on the day when he assumed the crown, also proclaimed an amnesty. By virtue of this act a number of political and other crimes are pardoned, and all misdemeanours. In cases not political, however, the prisoners are not to be discharged unless under guarantees that it will not be dangerous to society to set them at large. Military offences also come under the operation of this amnesty. The King and Queen arrived at Dantzic on Sunday, where they were received with much popular rejoicing. It is stated that the expenses of the English ambassador to the King of Prussia's coronation were limited to £10,000.

The entry of the King and Queen of Prussia into Berlin on Tuesday, was announced by salutes of artillery and the pealing of bells. Their Majesties were evidently gratified at their reception, and cordially bowed their thanks to the people.

ITALY.

The opening of the Italian Chambers, which was to have taken place on the 15th of November, has been postponed some days later. The delay is attributable to the Minister of Public Instruction not being able to present the exact financial requirements of his department in time. As the forthcoming session is to be devoted chiefly to voting the budget, Parliament need not be convoked until all the reports are complete. The deficit will be considerable.

M. Benedetti, the intimate councillor of the Emperor Napoleon, has just arrived at Turin. The news from Paris respecting the Roman question is not very consolatory. The Emperor cannot take any definitive resolve. He looks for a solution from time and the pressure of public opinion. He manifests the most lively sympathy with the Italian cause, but he cannot face the embarrassments created for him by the Catholic party. He reckons on the financial difficulties of the Court of Rome. This is nearly the substance of the news M. Benedetti brings from Paris. The vexation felt by the Emperor at the continuance of Baron Ricasoli as Minister of Foreign Affairs cannot be avowed. The substitution in the place of him of a more pliable minister dares not be demanded. Signor Rattazzi has left Turin for Paris with a letter from the King for the Emperor. He has no official mission from the Government. The King addresses Napoleon III., in order to smooth away the difficulties created by the presence of Ricasoli in the Foreign-office, and to ascertain, if possible, the real thoughts of his Imperial Majesty.

A Naples letter says:—"Duels are quite the rage at Naples at this time, just as they were in France immediately after the Restoration. The one most talked of at present is that between the Prince de Val d'Abruzzo and General Bosco, in consequence of a protest which the former published against the manifesto of the Neapolitan emigrants. Four challenges were sent to the prince, who accepted that of General Bosco, proposing Locarno as the place of meeting. General Bosco would not go to Locarno, and sent his two sons to this city. One is a Frenchman, and a colonel in the Papal service. I know not how the affair will be arranged. The Prince de Val d'Abruzzo left yesterday for Locarno, where he is determined to wait for the general. The duel is to take place with pistols."

Several shipwrecks, with the loss of ships and crews, have taken place on the eastern coast of Sicily as far as Cape Passaro. Two vessels belonging to the Franco-Servian Company have been lost near Sisipolis and Burgos.

AUSTRIA.

Affairs in Hungary are not improving with the Austrian Government. In the passive attitude of resistance of the people the Government intuitively feels that it cannot expect the usual recruitment of the Imperial army from the Hungarian peasantry, but it intends to try. With this view a circular has been addressed by Count Forgach to the Obergespanns, requesting to know whether it will be possible to reckon on the support of the functionaries of the comitats in levying the recruits, and if not, to advise the Government what should be done. This circular is really a confession of weakness on the part of Austria.

"The Austrians," says the *Nationalities* of Turin, "have just committed a revolting act at Montecchio, Maggiore. A postmaster, named Finato, lately received orders to take two officers to a neighbouring village, and he sent his son, a lad of nineteen, with a carriage to drive them. When the lad got to the place where he was to take up, he found five officers who wanted to get into the carriage, and as he had been hired but for two, he refused to carry them all. Thereupon one of the officers, named Count Buri, struck young Finato violently, and the latter returned the blow. The officer then attempted to draw his sword, but Finato, more active than he, pushed the weapon back into the scabbard. Upon this the other four rushed upon the young man; one of them wounded him mortally in the neck, another cut off one of his arms, the third fractured a kneecap, and all four continued to cut and thrust at him till he fell lifeless. As many as thirty officers, of all ranks, looked on quietly while this horrible assassination was going on."

The Criminal Tribunal of Prague (Bohemia) has just tried a young man, named Kandler, on a charge of murder, committed under the following circumstances:—In March, last year, Kandler, who is the son of a wealthy farmer of Slobee, and about twenty years of age, went to live as an apprentice with a M. Telkon; a miller, of Mingowitz, near Prague. At the same time Madame Telkon had in her service a good looking young woman, named Anna Jak, whose mother, the widow of a captain of infantry, resided at Prague. An intimacy shortly sprung up between these two young persons, and as this connection did not meet with the approbation of M. and Madame Telkon, Kandler was sent back to his family. A clandestine correspondence was, however, kept up by the young people, who wished to be married, but the girl's mother would not consent to her daughter's marrying a peasant, and the young man's friends were equally averse to his taking a wife without fortune. Things were in this state on the 23rd of December last, on the evening of which day some of M. Telkon's labourers heard the report of firearms in a field near the mill, and on going to the spot they found the dead body of Anna, who had been shot through the chest. Almost immediately after, the water-wheel of the mill nearly stopped, and on examination, it was discovered that the passage of the water was impeded by a human body, partly filling the opening of the sluice. It was immediately taken out of the water, and recognised as the body of Kandler, still quite warm. The

use of proper means soon restored sensibility, and Kandler then stated that, being unable to overcome the obstacles to their marriage, he and Anna had agreed to die together; and he had accordingly first shot her, and turned another pistol against himself; but as the pistol burst he was only wounded, and he then immediately threw himself into the river. The letters which had passed between the two lovers fully bore out the truth of this statement, and also showed that the idea of suicide had been suggested by Anna. The tribunal, however, after a long deliberation, declared Kandler guilty of murder, and condemned him to death. The prisoner immediately gave notice of appeal against the sentence.

RUSSIA AND POLAND.

A curious struggle between the spiritual and the temporal government, the church and the army, has broken out in Poland. News from Warsaw announces that several of the churches in that city had been forcibly entered by the military, and the male portion of the congregations conveyed by them to the Citadel. In consequence thereof the General Consistory of the Archdiocese of Warsaw has addressed a circular letter to the vicars of the parish churches, informing them that, owing to the profanation of the Cathedral and the Church of St. Bernard, in Warsaw, the ecclesiastical seal would be affixed to the doors of both buildings on the 17th inst., and that no religious service would be held in them until an expiation had been made. The circular letter then orders that, as other churches are liable to be similarly profaned, all churches are to remain closed from the 17th inst., until guarantees are given that the temples will be secured against further profanation. Half the persons arrested in the churches have been since set at liberty. It was asserted, however, that 2,000 prisoners yet remaining would be drafted into different regiments for military service.

Sumptuous preparations are being made at St. Petersburg for the reception of the Emperor, who is expected there from his visit to the Crimea and the Caucasus. The temper of the Polish nation is preparing for him some not quite so agreeable.

NORTH AMERICA.

According to the last news from the (Dis-)United States the relative positions of the two parties remained unchanged, the monetary affairs being relieved by a banquet given to the Orleans princes, and by the feats of an aeronaut who had cut the ropes of his balloon, and surveyed the Confederate lines from an advantageous position in the heavens. The accounts from Missouri are extremely vague. The main body of Gen. Price's army was reported to have retreated into Arkansas, but this is extremely doubtful. Gen. McCulloch, too, is reported as being about to cut off Fremont from St. Louis, but we read in a Memphis paper that in the latter part of September he was at the head of only 3,500 men.

A very remarkable speech has been delivered by the Hon. Charles Sumner at the Republican State Convention, held at Worcester, Massachusetts, on the 1st day of the present month. The speech is important as the attempt of a distinguished statesman to give to the war the same character which Fremont endeavored to give to it by operations in the field. Mr. Sumner pronounces emphatically for the abolition of slavery, and advocates the introduction of this element into the struggle by arguments as cogent as they are oratorically expressed. "Look at the war as you will," he says, "and you will always see slavery." After adducing from ancient history examples of the success of emancipation in achieving great military results, he urged that a simple declaration that all slaves coming within the lines of the American troops should be free, would be in strict conformity with the Constitution and with precedents. Again, he urged that the Executive possessed the power to abolish slavery under martial law, and quoted the opinion of John Quincy Adams to this effect. Mr. Sumner's speech was most enthusiastically received, and the mode of restoring peace and the Union which he has proposed is becoming more and more a subject of discussion.

News from Canada states that Mr. Rankin, a member of the Provisional Parliament of Canada, has been arrested on a charge of infringing the Foreign Enlistment Act by raising troops in that colony for service in the Federal army. The Mayor immediately became one of Mr. Rankin's bail. The matter cannot fail to excite considerable public interest.

NEW ZEALAND.

Vast gold fields have been discovered in New Zealand. Every vessel arriving from the South, at Nelson, brings news of large quantities of the precious metal being found at the new field in Otago, and the result is already visible. The "gold fever," in a malignant form, has broken out, and labour, which has been too plentiful for some little time past, bids fair now to be as scarce. Every vessel that is available, from the center of ten tons up to the full-rigged ships of 500 tons, is laid on for Otago, and every one gets full complement of passengers. The wages of seamen on the coast have risen to £8 and £10 per month, and the hands from other vessels are deserting fast. Shovels, picks, galvanised iron buckets, tents and blankets are at a premium; at every store at Nelson may be seen intending diggers providing themselves with requisites, and carrying them on board vessels at the Wharfedale. On a certain day there was an exodus on a large scale. The Storm Bird, a steamer of 100 tons, was to start, and about ninety had taken their passage in her. At the time of starting she looked like an excursion boat. Just at the last there was a visitor on board in the shape of a sheriff's officer, and a few of the would-be-diggers, who had neglected to "square up" before leaving, were brought ignominiously ashore. The steamer started, and made about twenty miles beyond the Head, when she was met by a south-east gale, and the next morning found her snugly anchored in harbour again, the impatient gold-seekers being put ashore to wait for a change of wind. Should the reports from the diggings continue favourable there is no doubt that as the weather improves, a much larger number of men will leave.

INDIA.

By the arrival of the Bombay mail on Tuesday, we have later news from both extremities of India. The districts lying between Calcutta and Bombay are suffering greatly from floods; the drought having been succeeded by a superabundance of rain. The reports from the cotton districts are cheering; in some cases the breadth of land under cultivation being twice as great as it was last year. Bengal, we are informed, has taken the lead in the matter of local taxation for expenditure upon public works. Mr. Seton-Karr has moved the first reading of a bill for the levying of a tax upon lands devoted to the cultivation of tobacco.

Home News.

Her Majesty the Queen, His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, and the other members of the Royal family left Balmoral on Tuesday for the south. The Royal train started from Aboyne at 11.45 a.m., reaching Aberdeen at 12.53. It here made a stay of five minutes, and reached Perth at 1.13, leaving at 4.18, and arriving at St. Margaret's station, Edinburgh, at 6.50 p.m. The Royal party again left Edinburgh on Wednesday evening at 8.39, arriving in Windsor on Thursday morning. Great rejoicing and universal enthusiasm signified the whole journey of Her Gracious Majesty.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales arrived in Cambridge at half-past five on Saturday evening from his visit to the Duke of Newcastle at Chelmsford Park.

Their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Cambridge and the Princess Mary have returned to Cambridge Cottage, Kew, from visiting Lady Marian Alford, at Ashbridge-park, Hertford. Her Royal Highness has taken a residence at Brighton for the autumn months.

The Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, with his duchess, who are staying at Ryde, in the Isle of Wight, have visited Cowes daily, for the purpose of bathing.

The Queen has directed letters patent to be passed under the Great Seal, granting to the Duchess of Sutherland the dignities of Baroness, Viscountess, Countess, and further granting after her decease the corresponding titles to her second surviving son Lord Francis Leveson Gower, and to his male heirs. The principal title of the Duchess will be Countess of Cromartie.

A movement is about to be inaugurated in Ireland to raise a lasting memorial of the respect in which the late Lord Clinton, ex-Lord-Lieutenant, was held, and of the regret caused by his premature death.

Lord Brougham has informed the Executive of the United Kingdom Alliance, that, owing to an attack of illness, he would not be able to preside at the meeting announced for Wednesday evening at Manchester.

Monday was a gala day at Leeds in celebration of the visit of His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to open the new Hospital for Women and Children. The noble lord was received with great enthusiasm.

The Earl Granville left Bruton-street on Friday evening to pass a few weeks in Berlin, during the festivities consequent on the coronation of the King and Queen of Prussia.

Lieutenant General Sir Hope Grant is staying at present on a short visit to Becca Hall, the seat of Lieutenant-Colonel Markham, previous to his going out to India.

On Saturday last, at noon, the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Oxford addressed the whole of the mechanics employed at the extensive works belonging to the Midland Railway, at Derby. The service, if we may so term it, was held in one of the large fitting shops.

The dining-room wing of Argyll house, the town residence of the Earl of Aberdeen, is now undergoing a rather strange metamorphosis, the noble earl having given orders for its conversion into an industrial school for 60 boys. There will be a class room in which the boys will receive instruction; a dining, or mess-room; work-rooms, in which useful trades, such as shoemaking, tailoring, &c., will be taught; and a lecture-room, in which lectures will be given to the poor of the neighbourhood.

The Earl of Dudley, after attending the Quarter Sessions Worcester, in the early part of the past week, came to town, and took his departure, to join the Earl of Clarendon's mission in Berlin.

His Excellency the Italian Minister has arrived in town from visiting Viscount and Viscountess Palmerston at Broadlands.

The Earl and Countess of Hardwicke passed through London on Monday, from Sydney Lodge, Herts, to Wimpole Hall, Cambridgeshire.

The Marquis and Marchioness Townshend and Viscount Raynham have left Raynham Hall on a visit to Mr. and Lady Elizabeth St. Aubyn, at Pendren, in Cornwall.

A French Government journal states that the British Government is about to plate with iron the wooden ships already built, and not yet launched. "Should the experiment," says the paper, "prove successful, England would in one year have twenty iron-plated ships."

Captain John Rose Troup, late of the Hon. East India Company service, has remitted to Alexander Falconer, Esq., Sheriff-substitute of Nairnshire, the sum of £2,000, for the purpose of rendering the Nairn Academy more efficient in the higher branches of education.

The Rev. G. H. Arkwright, of Sutton Hall, has, in consideration of the unfavourable harvest of last season, decided upon presenting to his tenantry a large quantity of linseed cake for cattle.

It is stated, on reliable authority, that Mrs. Capel, mother of Lady Forth, has visited Gloucester to obtain certificates of the death of Lord Forth, with a view to the early marriage of her daughter.

The 56th anniversary of the battle of Trafalgar, was celebrated on Monday on board many of the ships in the ports. The Royal Naval Club of 1765 dined at Willis's Rooms, King-street, in the evening. Vice-Admiral of the Red, Sir Provo W. P. Wallis, K.C.B., presiding.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon is to deliver a "secular lecture" at the Carlton Rooms, Southampton, on the 29th inst. General Sir John Burgoyne, Bart., is advertised to take the chair on the occasion.

Dunham Park, one of the seats of the Earl of Stamford and Warrington, about twelve miles from Manchester, and a great resort for all classes of its people in the summer months, is, it is reported, about to be partially closed against the public.

Some discoveries of a remarkable character have just been made in Perthshire. Mr. Paterson, farmer, Barus, on the estate of Kincardine, in the course of removing some stones from a knoll lying near the farmstead, a large flag of nearly a ton weight was come upon, under which a grave was discovered. It contained the remains of a human body, which must have lain many hundred years.

Cheerful reports are made with regard to the progress of the herring fishery on the eastern coast. The Yarmouth market has been well supplied with fresh herrings, and in consequence of the augmented deliveries, prices have declined to an average of £13 per last. At Lowestoft a large quantity of trawl fish are being daily landed, and the receipts of herrings have been very considerable.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Clanricarde left Stratton-street on Saturday, for their seat, Portunna Castle, country Galway.

A few days since the keeper on the Forest Hall estate, Higgar, found a young wolf in a rabbit trap set to catch vermin. The animal was about six months old and weighed 18 lbs.

It is stated, says the *Sunderland Herald*, that the principal engineering establishments on the Tyne, who have so long enjoyed an uninterrupted briskness, are contracting their periods of labour, and instead of workmen being engaged day and night, more than one firm have, during the past few days, been obliged to discharge a number of workmen.

Great distress prevails among the handloom weavers and other unemployed persons in Carlisle.

On Monday, the men and boys, about 1,500 in number, employed at the extensive machine works of Messrs. Dobson and Barlow, in Little Bolton, commenced working from 8.30 a.m. till dusk, making about four days a week. A notice has appeared from Thomas Thomasson, Esq., head of the cotton spinning firm of John Thomasson and Son, in which he informs their numerous workpeople that the stock of cotton is becoming very limited, and it is not intended by the firm to work short time, but when the supply is exhausted to close the mills altogether.

On Tuesday morning the ceremony of proroguing the Imperial Parliament took place with the usual formalities, the Lord Chancellor stating that by virtue of the commission just read, he, in the name of Her Majesty the Queen, declared Parliament prorogued until Tuesday, December 17.

On Monday night Mr. A. Murray Dunlop, M.P., met his constituents in the New Town Hall, Greenock. The hon. gentleman reviewed, in a liberal spirit, the legislative enactments of the past session of Parliament, and the effect these are likely to produce on the social condition of the country.

A notice has been posted at the entrance to the reading room of the British Museum to the effect that, complaints having been made that silence is not observed in the reading room, any person infringing the regulations will forfeit their privilege of admission.

On Monday afternoon the freedom of the burgh of Musselburgh was presented to Mr. William Adler, M.P. for the Leith District of Burghs, in the Town Hall, Musselburgh.

The anniversary of the birthday of the late Mr. George Combe, author of the "Constitution of Man," was celebrated on Monday last by a soiree in the museum of the Edinburgh Philological Association.

The *London Gazette* of Tuesday contained the Speaker's notice, that having been certified of the death of Major Gervaise Tottenham Waddo Sibthorpe, the writ for the election of a new member for the city of Lincoln would be issued "at the end of fourteen days after the insertion of this notice in the *London Gazette*."

Notes of preparation for the 9th of November have already begun to resound in Guildhall, and the transformation scene has commenced, the vaults beneath ever and anon yielding up huge timbers and joists wherewith to form the floor, on which appears but "one year" the largest and most noble assemblage of the City.

It is said that Mr. James Anderson, the well-known Q.C., a member of the Scotch Bar, and treasurer of the Middle Temple, will receive the honor of Knighthood at the hand of the Prince of Wales, as representative of her Majesty, on the occasion of the opening of the Middle Temple Library, on the 31st proximo.

Lord Middleton has purchased the remaining portion of the Applecross estate, and the entirety of that estate has now been disposed of. The total purchase-moneys considerably exceeded £200,000, being an increase of nearly 40 per cent. on the price paid by the late Duke of Leeds not quite eight years ago.

Close upon 1,000 bales of cotton are being forwarded from Fleetwood for shipment from Liverpool to America. It was imported from one of the Southern States early in the present year for a Preston manufacturer, who has recently sold it again for the purpose stated. Rumour says that a clear gain of £6 per bale has been netted by the transaction.

The death is announced of Col. Sir Claude Martine Wade. The deceased was a son of the late Lieut.-Col. Joseph Wade, of the Bengal Army, and was born in Bengal in 1791. He entered the military service of the East India Company in 1809. He attained the rank of lieutenant-colonel in 1839, and received the local rank of colonel in the East Indies in 1855.

An order has been issued by the Admiralty that all pensioners now serving in the navy are to be discharged from their ships on the 30th November next. They will be allowed to re-enter as shipkeepers, or in coastguard ships, with the understanding that their pension ceases while serving, but that the extra time served will count for increase of pension.

The Highflyer, 1,116 tons, which has been built for Messrs. Green, was launched at Blackwall on Tuesday in the presence of a large number of spectators. The Highflyer is a fine specimen of naval architecture, and will be employed in the China tea trade, it being expected that she will attain even a greater degree of speed than the present line of China clippers.

The monument to the memory of John Leyden, the poet and linguist, which has been erected in his native village of Denholm, Roxburghshire, was inaugurated on Monday amid a vast assemblage of the admirers of his genius. On the monument are the following inscriptions:—"John Leyden, born at Denholm, 8th September, 1775. Died at Batavia, 28th August, 1811." "To the memory of the poet and Oriental scholar, whose genius, learning, and manly virtues were an honour to his country, and shed a lustre on his native Teviotdale. This monument was erected A.D. 1861." The Right Hon. the Earl of Minto and Admiral Elliot were present, and took part in the inaugural ceremony.

RAILWAYS AND RUINS.—A sad misfortune seems to be impending over the magnificent old ruins of Hildesberg Castle, in consequence of the railway tunnel which is being taken through the hill upon which the ancient building stands. Since the commencement of the works, several rents and fissures, some of them serious, have made their appearance along the whole length of the castle walls. In the lower parts of the structure, as in the chapel, and especially in the cellar with the great tank, the injuries are more considerable than in the upper apartments. With a view to inquiring into the cause and extent of the damage, and the prevention of further mischief, a commission has been convened by Herr von Bayer, the conservator of Baden antiquities.

MURDER OF A STUDENT BY A SOLDIER AT CHICHESTER.

A fine young man, named Outon, a student of Bishop Otter's Training College, Chichester, was shot on Wednesday night at a little before 12 o'clock, by a soldier, in garrison at the same town. Police-constable Pullen, who was on duty in Somers-town, hearing the report of a rifle, followed by fearful screams, which he thought proceeded from the direction of the barracks, which are situate to the north part of the city, went immediately in that direction, returning by Oaklands, the seat of Mr. H. W. Freeland, M.P., when, shortly after passing Bishop Otter's College, he heard groans proceeding from an adjoining field, in which he found Outon lying on the ground in the greatest agony. The inmates of the College, some of whom had heard the report of the rifle, were shortly on the spot, and several persons who were passing rendered every assistance to convey the sufferer to the College, where he shortly afterwards expired, but not before he had made the statement that "he had been shot by a soldier, who sat on the gate, as he approached to get over the stile, and that after he had done it he ran off down the lane towards Deer Hole." No provocation was given by the young man, who was on his return from spending the evening with a respectable family in the city. The ball of the rifle passed through the abdomen and out of the back, but little blood escaping from the wounds. As may be imagined, the greatest excitement existed in the city. Im-

mediately on the discovery of the murder, Superintendent Everett communicated the fact to the commanding-officer of the garrison, Colonel Wright, who, with great promptitude, sent out a body of soldiers in search of the murderer, for it was well known that a soldier named Cleary was at large and in the possession of his rifle and ball cartridge. The grounds of Mr. H. W. Freeland, M.P., were surrounded and scoured by detached parties without avail; every house of bad repute in the city was searched without effect. The number of military was now increased to some 200 men, with a dozen cavalry, who were sent to scour the woods at Goodwood, Captain Valentine, the steward of the estate, lending the aid of the gamekeepers in the search, which continued without avail until twelve o'clock, when Mr. Henry Sadler, jun., of Hampnett, found Cleary's rifle, loaded, and with a cap on, which he had evidently thrown away on getting clear of the city. This was found in the ditch of a water meadow, through which a pathway runs to join the main road leading to Arundel and Littlehampton. However, the murderer was not arrested till the following day.

The poor student thus cruelly killed, it seems by mistake, the soldier imagining to fire at a superior officer, against whom he had a grudge, is the son of a tradesman, at Rowlands Castle, near Havant. Cleary, the soldier who shot him, is twenty-one years of age, stands five feet and three-quarters high, of sallow complexion, with dark brown hair and hazel eyes; he has the mark of a scar in the middle of his right fore arm, with the letter Don the left side. He is a native of Ireland. He had on

at the time of breaking out of the barracks a tunic coat or jacket, black cloth or regimental trousers, and took with him his rifle, with 10 rounds of ball ammunition and his greatcoat. He bears a bad character in the 50th Regiment, to the depot of which he was attached. In October, 1860, he deserted; afterwards he was tried and convicted for stealing property belonging to an officer. Very recently he has had six days' extra drill given him for bad conduct, for which it is conjectured he meant to have his revenge, but shot the wrong man. Bishop Otter's College is situate at short distance to the north-east of the city, the approach to it being up a darkish lane, called Love-lane.

A WARLIKE CARGO.—The *Greenock Advertiser* says:—"The s. s. Fingal, which cleared at this port last week for Madeira and the West Coast of Africa, had on board 11,341 rifles, 60 pistols, 24,100 lbs. gunpowder, 409,000 cartridges, 550,000 percussion-caps, 500 sabres, a quantity of wrought leather belts, 4 cannons, 1½ tons of lead shot, 7 tons of shell, 220 swords, a quantity of wearing apparel, and 9,982 yards of blankets. The cargo is valued at £19,000."

"THE SONG OF THE SHIRT" ILLUSTRATED.—It is an actual fact that cotton shirts are at present being made in Belfast for threepence each; at least, that pittance is all that is paid for more than three-fourths of all the work required. The seamstress is an expert hand who can complete one of them in a day.



THE WAR IN AMERICA—CONFEDERATES RECRUITING.

FIREPROOF DRESSES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS."

SIR,—The sad accident which you illustrated in your last week's number, and which happened at Philadelphia by some ballet dancers' dresses catching fire, will certainly recall to the minds of your readers, the many similar accidents, which happened, and which continually happen in this country. As the winter season approaches, the danger becomes greater with the lighting of our cheerful fires, and it will therefore be acceptable to your readers to learn that these accidents can be prevented. Ladies' dresses can easily be made non-inflammable by dipping them in certain salt solutions—this subject has been fully investigated by myself and Dr. Oppenheim, and the results of our researches were brought before the British Association at Aberdeen, 1859.

Two salts, the only ones fully answering the purpose, have been presented by us, the one of which is to be used in laundries and is sold by our agents, Messrs. Briggs and Co., 20, Great Peter-street, Westminster, under the name of "Lady's life preserver." The process for rendering fabric non-inflammable is simple and not expensive, a whole muslin dress requiring about one pennyworth of the compound.

The importance of the subject to public safety will, I hope be sufficient excuse for my letter, for the publicity of which I shall feel obliged.

I remain, Sir, yours obediently,

FREDERICK VERMANN.

7, Bury court, St. Mary-axe, London, Oct. 22.

DESTRUCTION OF THE SHIP "WILLIAM BROWN."

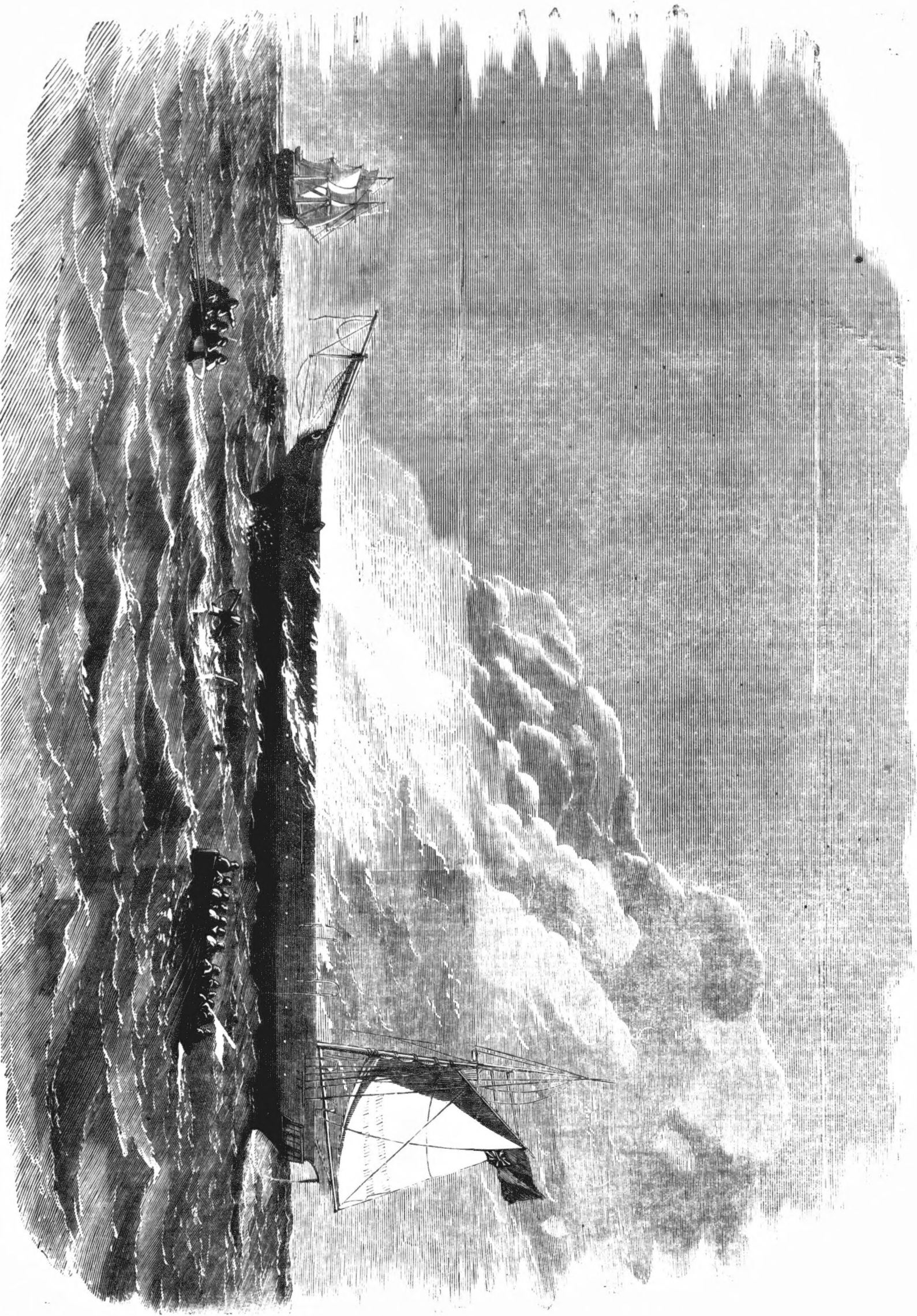
(SEE ENGRAVING ON PAGE 37.)

The fine ship *William Brown*, Captain Barclay, was totally destroyed by fire on the night of the 2nd inst., in lat. 36 41, long. 12 3 W. With the exception of one man, the steward, who is supposed to have been suffocated, the whole of the passengers and crew were saved. The *William Brown* was barque-rigged, about 500 tons. She had a general cargo of merchandise, and some 11 or 12 first-class and steerage passengers. She sailed from Gravesend about the 7th of last month, and all appeared to have gone well with the ship till about six o'clock on the evening of the 2nd instant, when she had reached the above position. It was then discovered that a fire had broken out in her foreport, supposed to be by the bursting of some tins of oil or turpentine stowed under the fore-castle. The officers and crew went down in the hope of being able to stifle the flames, but they were unable to get near the seat of mischief. The captain and crew made another effort to extinguish the fire, and after four hours' vigorous exertions it was apparent that the entire destruction of the ship was inevitable, and that no time was to be lost in abandoning her. Our engraving gives the aspect of the vessel at this critical moment, when the flames were raging high up into the air. The boats were ordered out, but, owing to a heavy cross sea that was running, there was great difficulty in lowering them and keeping them clear of the ship. The crew succeeded in getting them down, and

the ship was finally abandoned at eleven o'clock. About one o'clock in the morning a brig was observed making towards them. The captain directed the gig to go to the brig, and she succeeded in reaching the brig about three o'clock, and at six o'clock the other boats were despatched, and the whole of the crew and passengers were safely got on board the brig, which proved to be the Swedish ship *Hedvig Charlotta*, of Stockholm, Captain J. A. Hallengren. The captain of the brig saw the fire 20 miles off, and at once bore down to it, and seeing the foremast and mainmast gone, but not a human creature about the blazing barque, he supposed they had taken to the boats, and he thought it his duty to cruise about in the hope of picking them up. The passengers and crew speak highly of the humane and generous conduct of those on board the Swedish brig; but for the prompt aid which she rendered in bearing down to them, they must doubtless have all perished, and they trusted that the English Government would not allow this gallant service to pass unrewarded. They were landed at Madeira, and the brig went on her destination.

CONFEDERATES RECRUITING.

OUR illustration above gives a vivid sketch of Southern manners. The impressionable denizens of the Slave States are drawn to the Palmetto flag by the martial strains of perambulating music bands, irresistible in their influence, even to Nigger urchins in the street. It is a mode of filling the ranks far more simple than that adopted in George-street, Westminster.



DESTRUCTION OF THE S.H.P. "WILLIAM BROWN." (SEE PAGE 36.)

Literature.

"Of the things which man can do or make here below, by far the most momentous, wonderful, and worthy are the things we call books."
—T. CARLYLE.

The Quarterly Review. No. CCXX. John Murray. *The Edinburgh Review*. No. CCXXXII. Longman and Co.

These are both good numbers. It is pleasant to see the improved tone of the *Quarterly*. It is now as liberal as its rival was about half a century ago. The article on Shelley will satisfy his admirers. He is no longer regarded, even by Tories, as a sort of inspired fiend. The reviewer describes him as capable of loving the character of the divine founder of the Christian religion—of being thoroughly Christian in spirit though not in creed. The *Quarterly* is in this number an advocate for religious toleration—a denouncer of persecution. What a change has come over the spirit of its dream! The papers in this number of the *Edinburgh Review* are all more or less interesting and able. The article on M. Thiers' "Revolution of the Hundred Days" is powerful and spirited; the critic shows that M. Thiers is "by a singular contradiction at once the great apologist of the empire in his books, and its antagonist in his political life, so that the consistency of his conduct is the condemnation of his opinions."

The Old Roman Well: a Romance of Dark Streets and Green Lanes. 2 vols. London: Saunders and Otley.

This book is too much in the style of the Newgate school of novels; full of vulgar excitement, and yet indicating very considerable literary skill. It has scenes in it which would make the fortune of a melodrama of the lowest order. One of the female characters is a thief, an adulteress, and a murderess. We wonder to see such a work as this published by so truly respectable a firm as that of Saunders and Otley.

The Cloister and the Hearth. A Tale of the Middle Ages. By CHARLES READE. In four volumes. Trubner.

Mr. Reade is a bold man to publish a novel in four volumes. It is too much for the most voracious reader in these days. But the work, though it cannot be gone through at a sitting, and contains much matter that is either dull or disagreeable, it is, upon the whole, so manifest a proof of great talent that it will add considerably to the author's fame, though it may not much increase the number of his readers. The book would have had a better chance of success if it had been half its present size. But though it might have been improved by pruning, and the incidents are often rather absurdly melodramatic, there are some clever sketches of character, and some truly humorous descriptions. The author professes to give us a picture of mediæval life. Mr. Reade is the shuttlecock of criticism. Some of our contemporaries speak in the highest terms of his powers, others treat him with supreme contempt. Who shall decide when doctors disagree? The public.

The History of Scottish Poetry. By DAVID IRVING, LL.D., Author of "The Life of Buchanan." Edited by John Aitken Carlyle. Edinburgh: Edmonstone and Douglas.

This book is like the tragedy of Hamlet, the part of the prince being omitted by especial desire; for the author pretends to give us an account of Scottish poetry, and yet excludes the ballads. Mr. Irving was a learned man, and an eminent black-letter antiquary; but he was not a man of taste or poetical feeling, and judged of the merit of a poem more by its age or rareness than by its intrinsic merit. The book is nevertheless a valuable one, because it will serve to help some Scottish critic of less learning and more judgment to make a better selection of specimens illustrative of the history of his country's literature in the poetical department.

Pamphilus: or, the Head and Heart Legacy. London, and all Railway Stations: W. H. Smith and Son.

A head to conceive, a heart to feel, and a hand to execute, a trinity here of divine instruments! Pamphilus, in a series of quaint reminiscences and kindly deductions from the experiences of his life, illustrates in this very unpretending and pleasant little volume, *bipolarity of the head and the heart*—of intellect and impulse—instructing his son, and those who will consent to participate in the lesson, to work out with the *hand* of diligence the axioms taught by a life of successful industry. The ups and downs—(or rather the downs and ups, for early misfortunes seem to have been rapidly developed into good and abundant fruit)—of a chequered career, are portrayed in a lively conversational tone; and a retentive and genial memory has enabled the author to interest us in sundry phases of his childhood, boyhood, and maturity. The lessons conveyed cannot fail to benefit as well as interest every youth who looks forward to the reputation and advantages attached to the position of a good man of business, good in the double sense of practical usefulness to the world he moves in, and of profitable, moneymaking, independent and honourable advancement as respects himself.

Without any pretence at formal philosophising, the writer clearly indicates the harmonious action and interdependence of liberality and prudence, and how, in his own person, good sense and good feeling have acted and re-acted upon one another—established his status as a man of business, and introduced and endeared him to persons of distinction and influence, as well as to more humble but not less worthy friends in various walks of life.

The work ought to be in the hands of every apprentice, and masters would do well to make it a gift-book to every youth in their employment in whose permanent welfare they feel interested.

ENGLISH PILGRIMS IN FRANCE.—A correspondent of *Galignani*, writing from Pau, France, says:—"If we may judge by the number of British already arrived and comfortably installed for the winter, Pau may count upon the most brilliant winter season ever known. The accommodation, however, is ample, and it is not probable that the day will ever arrive when all our cosy country houses and apartments will be occupied. House rent, particularly in the town, is much higher than it should be, and as for fuel it is, I believe, quite as dear as in Paris. Coal at 5s. the 100 kilos (the hundred weight), is even cheaper than wood. The railway from Bayonne, which will, it is hoped, be finished in another eighteen months, will cause a considerable fall in the former article, and wood will then be at a reasonable figure. A new theatre, worthy of the town, will be open in a year's time. In the same fine building there will be a concert room and handsome apartment on the first story, suitable to a club such as our English one has now become."

Notes

ON PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

"All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players."—*As You Like It*.

SADLER'S WELLS.

This little theatre has lately been crowded with eager audiences at the representation of the tragedy of "Hamlet." The gods and groundlings at this theatre are of a class perhaps below the average of the frequenters of galleries and pits at other houses in London and its neighbourhood; and yet one of the least obvious or practical—in fact the most spiritual and ideal of Shakespeare's characters—is attractive even here. Though learned doctors have disagreed as to the leading features of this elaborate portraiture of a mind—though it has been a puzzle for the critics—it is acceptable for some reason or other to all refined and thoughtful natures, and is interesting to the unlettered mob. It is, indeed, marvellous that even Shakespeare, with all his dramatic power, should have adapted this "psychological curiosity" of the closet, to exhibition on the stage, where action seems almost the one thing needful. Mr. Phelps's performance seemed to give the highest satisfaction to the whole house. It was at once careful and spirited. If his conception of the part was in any way in fault, it was in making Hamlet a little too animated and active. He made us too often forget that Hamlet was sad, thoughtful, studious, reserved, and self-involved. The sarcastic points of the dialogue were given with more than usual emphasis and effect. We regret that there is great inequality in the *corps dramatique* in this theatre, and that Mr. Phelps was not so well supported as so able an actor deserved to be.

THE LYCEUM.

Miss St. Henry, and Mr. Bruton, the Australian comedian, are amongst the new performers at this theatre. Miss St. Henry promises to be an acquisition, and Mr. Bruton, in Mr. Falconer's still popular and, indeed, deserved popular comedy of "Woman," was droll enough; but is likely to do much better things in a better part. Mrs. Bowers, in *Geraldine*, continues to win golden opinions.

THE OLYMPIC.

This little theatre, in spite of the absence of Mr. Robson, is still a house of pleasant entertainment. The little comic drama of "Married Daughters," is capitally got up, and Mr. Horace Wigan, Mr. W. S. Emden and his wife, and Mr. G. Cooke always keep the audience in good humour. Mr. H. Neville, in *Jack of all Trades*, exhibits both humour and pathos. The new scenery of the "Terrace Gardens," does great credit to W. Telbin.

THE SURREY.

This theatre has brought out a striking melodrama, entitled "The Idiot of the Mountain;" and also a clever burlesque on the wonderfully successful drama of "The Colleen Bawn." It is full of drollery, of smart puns, and irresistible jokes.

KEAN, FECHTER, AND PHELPS.

The Bishop of Rochester having lately insisted that clergymen ought to pay more attention to the art of reading than they had yet done, several of our contemporaries have dwelt at some length upon the elocution of the pulpit. We think it as well, therefore, to take the present opportunity to say that there are almost as many bad readers amongst actors as amongst the clergy; and, as we have no wish to treat severely the subordinate ranks of the histrionic profession, we shall go to the top of the list and point out the errors in elocution which we have observed in the performances of Charles Kean, M. Fechter, and Samuel Phelps, in the part of Hamlet. Let us begin with Mr. Charles Kean, and proceed at once to our examples.

KEAN.

There is nothing of more importance in recitation than accuracy of emphasis. When an actor gives the wrong emphasis it is certain that he does not fully understand the exact meaning of his author. A false emphasis is a false interpretation.

"Hamlet.—I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen mould no feather."

Charles Kean read it—

"So shall my anticipations prevent your discovery."

Surely the *your* should have been emphasised in opposition to the *my*.

"Hamlet.—I know the good king and queen have sent for you."

Rosencrantz.—To what end, my lord?

Hamlet.—That you must teach me."

This was a wrong reading. It should have been—

"That you must teach me."

Or Hamlet might have said, in other words, "It is not for me to tell you that: it is for you to tell it to me."

"Hamlet.—Oh there be players that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and belovèd, that I have thought nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably."

Kean read it—

"That I thought Nature's journeymen had made men."

Emphatically *men*—as if he were going to follow it up with something very complimentary to *women*, in the style of Burns, who tells us that "Nature first tried her 'prentice hand on man, and then she made the lasses, O."

"Hamlet.—Why, look you, now, how unworthy a thing you make of me. You must pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass; and there is much music, excellent music, in this little organ, yet you cannot make it speak. 'Blood!' do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe?"

Charles Kean placed an emphasis on the word *speak*: "you cannot make it *speak*." But the word *speak* is not in opposition to anything whatever. The *it*—small as it is—is the important word here. You cannot play upon *it*—the *pipe*—yet you think you can play upon *me*—a much more difficult instrument. You think you can sound *me* from the lowest note to the top of my compass, and there is much music in this "little organ," yet you cannot make it speak. "But call me what instrument you will, though you can *fret* me, you cannot play upon me."

"Who would fardels bear;

To grunt and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death,
This undiscovered country from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of."

The emphasis on *death* in the third line was decidedly wrong. *Death* is not here opposed to *life*. And the emphasis

on *ills*, in the last line but one, was equally erroneous. *Ills* are not opposed to *blessings*. Hamlet's argument is, that if death were the end of all—if death extinguished all consciousness, cured all heart-aches—it were devoutly to be wished; but unhappily death is *not* the end of all. There is something *after* death that we have to dread. The line, therefore, should be read thus:—

"But that the dread of something *AFTER* death;"

and not as Kean read it—

"But that the dread of something *after* death."

Then as to the *ills* just alluded to—Hamlet tells us that we consent to live, because we prefer those *ills* we have already to those of which we know nothing, and which may possibly be greater than those familiar to us. The passage, therefore, has this meaning: And makes us rather bear those *ills* we know of, than fly to those *ills* of which we know nothing, but which we may meet with hereafter, and find still more difficult to bear.

FECHTER.

Now, for the sins of M. Fechter. As he is a foreigner, and has only lately, we hear, taken lessons in English recitation, the public will, of course, regard his errors with indulgence. It is only wonderful that he should be able to deliver Shakespeare's dialogue so well as he does. Yet, as other critics have given him quite unqualified commendation, we think it right to notice what we consider his shortcomings as a reciter. He read—

"See what a grace was seated on this brow."

Instead of—

"See what a grace was seated on *this* brow."

The brow of the one king is contrasted with the brow of the other king. He read—

"Take each man's *censure*, but reserve thy judgment."

Instead of *thy* judgment. Censure and judgment are not in opposition. "Censure," in the old sense of the word, is "judgment"—Shakespeare constantly so uses it; for instance: "And his name is great in months of wisest censure;" and, again, "The king is old enough to give his censure." M. Fechter gave the following couplet thus—

"The time is out of joint. Oh, cursed spite
That ever I was born to set it right."

Instead of—"That ever I was born," &c.

Hamlet bitterly regrets that the task had not fallen to the lot of some other person better fitted for it. The emphasis is, therefore, on the personal pronoun. The force of the sentiment ought not to rest upon the fact of the speaker being *born* to the task or duty and not *bred* to it—not educated or prepared for it by precepts, circumstances, habits, or associations. M. Fechter read—

"And whatsoever else may hap to-ug't,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue."

Instead of—

"Give it an *understanding*, but no tongue."

Then again, he recited the following line thus—

"Worthy, look you, what an unworthy thing you make of me,"

Instead of "make of *me*." "You would play upon me, yet you cannot play upon this little instrument—the pipe."

Mr. Fechter gave the following passage wrongly—

Hamlet.—Sir, I cannot.

Guidenstern.—What, my lord?

Hamlet.—Make you a wholesome answer, my wit's diseased. But, sir, such answer as I can make you shall command."

Instead of—

"Such answer as I can make, you shall command."

He read—

"Our withers are unwrung."

Instead of—

"Our withers are unwrung."

These errors of emphasis occurred in almost every speech of Hamlet. Besides these mistakes, indicative of an imperfect appreciation of the full significance of the author's meaning, we had to endure a fault that pervaded M. Fechter's whole performance. He has not quite caught the English accent, and prolongs and shakes the vowels in the French style:

"Can the devil have power to assume a pleasing *shape*?"

"Why would'st thou be a *brooder* of sinners?"

"It is very *strange*."

"Oh! *oars*red spite!"

His manner, as well as his delivery, is too often thoroughly and unmistakably French. Though sometimes almost too stiff and stately, on other occasions he has the rapidity of movement, gesture, and voice, characteristic of his nation. Hamlet's instructions to the players were given with such excessive haste that it looked as if the speaker had been called to his dinner, and had scarcely time to finish his hurried directions—which, indeed, he seemed to have got by heart like a schoolboy's lesson. The thoughts were none of his—they did not seem to rise from his own mind fresh to the occasion.

Of M. Fechter's general merits as an actor, we shall soon have occasion to express an impartial opinion. He has paid the English people the compliment to study their great national dramatist, and, evidently, with a most anxious desire to do him justice. M. Fechter has, therefore, a right to expect that every English critic should treat him not merely with a strict impartiality, but most considerately. He should not only have fair play, but some favour.

PHELPS.

We saw Mr. Phelps at *Sadler's Wells*, very lately, in the part of Hamlet. As a careful and correct elocutionist he proved himself on that occasion to be superior both to Mr. Charles Kean and to M. Fechter. This decision in his favour includes no reference to the respective capabilities of the three actors as representatives of character and the passions. We were obliged to leave the theatre at the conclusion of the closet-scene (Act III., Scene IV.). Thus far Mr. Phelps often reminded us of the compliment of Polonius to Hamlet—"For God, my Lord, well spoken; with good accent and good discretion." He was not, however, absolutely faultless. In some few instances he was wrong with Kean. When Hamlet rebukes his companions for trying to play upon him and pluck out the heart of his mystery, though they had not the skill to play upon the little flute, Mr. Phelps, like Kean, quite missed or overlooked the points of contrast or opposition. He made Hamlet seem to say, "Though you cannot play upon *this little instrument*, you think you can play upon me." What meaning can be conveyed by the stress upon the word *play* instead of on *me*?

In the following couplet he made the same mistake of emphasis which we noticed in M. Fochter.

"The time is out of joint; O cursed spite
That ever I was born to set it right."

When the King asks Hamlet "How fares my Cousin?" the reply is "of the camelion's dish" or "of the camelion's dish." But Mr. Phelps made the dish more important than the camelion. He read it, "of the camelion's dish." What can dish be in opposition to?

These may seem very small matters for a critic to dwell upon; but they are not really trifling, for a reader who desires to give every shade of his author's meaning cannot afford to neglect them; and Mr. Phelps is not the man, if we rightly understand his character, to think minute accuracy and precision of delivery beneath the consideration of an accomplished actor.

Though we consider truth of emphasis of very great importance in all readings or recitations, there are, of course, many other virtues of delivery in the senate, in the pulpit, and on the stage; and it is rare indeed to find all these united in one person. We shall have something more to say upon this subject on a future occasion.

EXETER HALL.

Jenny Lind (Madame Goldschmidt), appeared on Tuesday night at Exeter Hall. She was most enthusiastically greeted by a densely crowded audience. The performance of Mendelssohn's glorious oratorio of "Elijah" was in aid of funds for completing a church in the Victoria Dock district. The allegro, "I am he that comforteth," was given with marvellous effect, and brought down thunders of applause. The only defect we observed consisted in an occasional over-exertion which was not at all necessary, for the voice of the Swedish Nightingale is quite as powerful and as magical in its effects as it was five or even ten years ago. Her "Hear ye, Israel," seemed to satisfy every one present that Jenny Lind was Jenny Lind still, and never better merited her world-wide celebrity. A metropolitan audience having decided that her voice is unimpaired, and that her simple fervour of style is as effective as ever, she will now make a most triumphant progress through the country. She will visit Liverpool next week. Mr. Sims Reeves seemed resolved on this occasion to surpass himself. He was never in better voice—never more successful. He was truly admirable—indeed, beyond all praise—in the air "Then shall the righteous." Miss Palmer was earnestly encouraged, as she well deserved to be, in the air, "O, rest in the Lord." Mr. Weiss displayed his magnificent voice to the highest advantage in the part of *Elijah*.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

Mr. E. T. Smith has engaged Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, who have nearly come to the end of their provincial tour. Playgoers are all anxiety to see of what stuff Mr. G. V. Brooke is made. He is to appear at Drury Lane on the 28th inst. Mr. J. H. Wilton, who once acted as a sort of agent to Mr. Brooke, is returning to England from Australia. He took a benefit at the Princess's Theatre at Melbourne, and he promised his audience that he would soon be at Melbourne again with some English artists of first rate merit. His statement that G. V. Brooke was likely to return to Australia was received with a burst of enthusiasm.

Jose Manuel, the slack wire-walker, has been performing wonders at Weston's Music Hall. He is supposed to be a Spaniard or a Portuguese. He gets on the wire without a balancing pole, and commences his feats by lying on his back. He then rises, and standing on one leg on the wire plays with cups and balls, the latter being of solid brass. He has a cup and ball in each hand. He flings them all about, cups as well as balls, and catching at the cups contrives to fill them with the balls with amazing dexterity.

A new tenor, M. Tapan, has made his appearance at the Theatre Royal at Brussels, in consequence of the indisposition of M. Bertrand.

Middle Patti has been singing at two concerts in the Free Trade-hall at Manchester, in both of which her reception was enthusiastic.

The poet laureate will write words for Professor Sterndale Bennett, who has been chosen to represent English composers at the intended musical inauguration of the International Exhibition.

LAW AND POLICE.

EXTRAORDINARY PROSECUTION.—At the bench held at St. Neots, on Thursday last, before Captain Reynolds, Captain Humbley, and S. Newton, Esq., *William Woods*, a lad aged sixteen, was summoned at the instance of the Rev. Edmund Markham Henle, the rector of Yelling, Hunts, for "indecent behaviour" in the parish church, on Sunday, the 29th ult. The rev. complainant, on being sworn, stated that during service on the day in question, he noticed that the lad was sitting in a place in which he ought not to have sat—namely, he was sitting by himself, instead of with the other boys. He (the complainant) stopped the service, and went to the boy. He desired him to move; he did not do so, but laughed in his face. He deemed it right, therefore, to make an example of him. The defendant, a stupid-looking country lad, seemed scarcely to know what to make of the proceedings. The mother of the boy, however, spoke up on behalf of the lad, and asked, in a quaint, rustic manner, what her boy had done. She could not see he had done wrong. The churchwarden (Mr. Bell) was called, but he evidently knew nothing of the matter, and referring to the charge, volunteered it as his opinion, that "a sexton had better be got, to crump the boys' heads with a stick." The magistrates convicted the lad of the offence charged, and adjudged him to pay the mitigated penalty of five shillings. The *Cambridge Independent Press* is responsible for this extraordinary story, illustrative of country life in the year 1861.

ATROCIOUS CASE OF CHILD MURDER IN CLERKENWELL.—On Friday, by direction of Mr. Brent, deputy-coroner, an inquest was held at Clerkenwell workhouse, on the body of a female child. It appeared that as a boy, named Edward Riley, was wandering among the vaults near St. Peter's Church, Great Saffron-hill, he saw a bundle in a vault, upon opening which he discovered the lifeless body of a fine female new-born infant, which was tied up with a piece of string. He told a policeman of the circumstance, who took the body to the workhouse. The constable made inquiries, and found out that

a man saw a female, a day or two before, go into the vault with a parcel and return without one, when she went away, after carefully looking to see if any one was watching her. By direction of the coroner, Mr. Brown, one of the medical officers of the parish, made a post mortem examination of the body, and he stated that he had no doubt that the poor child was born alive, as it was finely developed, and the lungs were fully inflated. He believed that the death of the infant was caused by great violence, as he found an extensive bruise upon its head. In answer to the coroner, whether that was the cause of death, he said that he believed the child was drowned. The symptoms were those internally of a person drowned. Upon this evidence the coroner ordered an adjournment of the inquiry, to give the police an opportunity to trace the female.

THE CONSEQUENCES OF PRACTICAL JOKING.—At the Leeds County Court, on Friday, a case of a very painful character, arising out of a practical joke, came before Mr. Marshall, by adjournment, for the assessment of damages. The plaintiff in the case was Matthias Hart, and he sought to recover a sum of £50 from Joseph Shaw, James Brumfit, and others, as compensation for injuries received by him, through the conduct of the defendants. Mr. Naylor appeared for the plaintiff, and Mr. Simpson for the defendants. The parties worked for Messrs. Smith, Beacock, and Tannet, at the Victoria Foundry, Water-lane, and it appeared from the evidence that on the 23rd of July last they were employed in raising a casting by means of a rope and pulleys. After having done so they commenced larking, and Shaw and Brumfit threw the rope over the plaintiff's shoulders; the other defendants standing by. The plaintiff was then either pulled back or fell back, and the rope jerked him severely round the neck. He did not, however, appear to be much injured, and continued working on that and the following day; but he was unable to continue at his work, and it was found that his windpipe and neck were seriously injured. There was supposition, which the medical men stated affected the brain, incapacitating the plaintiff for either thought or hard work. With the consent of the Court an arrangement was come to, and the defendants Sharp and Brumfit agreed to pay £20 and costs, his Honour expressing an opinion that the other defendants ought to contribute towards the amount.

TRAIN'S STREET TRAMWAYS.—The grand jury at the Surrey Quarter Sessions at Kingston have returned a true bill against Mr. G. F. Train and several vestrymen of Lambeth for a nuisance committed by obstructing the thoroughfares in the Kennington and Westminster roads. The names of the other parties included in the indictment are—Messrs. Hathaway, McIntosh, J. T. Mitchell, F. Doulton, E. Harrison, T. H. Fowler, J. Parsley, J. Williams, H. A. Kannan, W. Jeffree, J. W. Stratton, T. Giles, and R. Taylor. The indictment contains five counts. The first charges the defendants with obstructing the free passage on said highways by placing thereon iron rails and thereby rendering said roads unsafe for the passage of vehicles and horses. Other counts charge the defendants with digging divers large holes and breaking up the roads. And other counts charge the defendants with conspiring together for the purpose of effecting said objects. The names of twenty-three witnesses, including several of the principal inhabitants of the parish, and of the adjoining districts, were endorsed on the bill, but the grand jury did not deem it necessary to examine more than seven of them. The object of this indictment is, of course, not to inflict punishment upon the parties, but merely to state what the parties consider to be a nuisance. It is not improbable that the proceedings will be removed to the Court of Queen's Bench, in order to have all legal questions arising in the case fully argued.

THE CAREER OF A BIGAMIST.—On Monday, at the Central Criminal Court, *Richard Morgan Louder*, aged 32, a tall man, wearing a profusion of beard and moustache, pleaded guilty to a charge of bigamy.—Mr. Ribton, who appeared for the prosecution, said he was instructed to inform the Court that the prisoner had deserted his first wife in America, and when she came back to this country, which she did through the instrumentality of the British Consul, he ascertained that the prisoner had married another woman, and that he had deserted her, and was living with her own sister.—Mr. C. Smith, who appeared for the prisoner, urged on his behalf that he had not sought to obtain money by either of the marriages he had contracted, and that he had allowed his first wife 12s. a week. He likewise urged as a mitigating circumstance that, although the prisoner had deserted his second wife, she was not now desirous to press the matter harshly against him.—The second wife, a well-dressed, good-looking young woman, stated, in answer to questions put by the Court, that she was married to the prisoner in October, 1857, and they lived happily together until recently, when he left her, as she understood, to live with his first wife's sister. She stated that the prisoner treated her very kindly while they lived together.—The Recorder observed that it was a case of gross profligacy on the part of the prisoner, and he sentenced him to be kept to hard labour for twelve months.

FATAL PRIZE FIGHT.—On Saturday last an adjourned inquest was held before Mr. B. H. Thelwall, at the Court Hall, Runbon, on the body of David Richards, who met his death in a pugilistic encounter which took place at the Fron, near the Cefu, on Monday, the 14th inst. The deceased had, it appears, challenged a man of the name of Thomas Pugh, to fight him for £2a-side, and it was announced that the encounter should commence at six o'clock on Monday morning last. The whole of the arrangements appear to have been well known throughout the neighbourhood in which the fight took place, and in public-houses, at least, seems to have been almost the sole topic of conversation during the previous evening. On the morning of the encounter a large number of persons assembled at an early hour upon the ground, a ring was marked (by the deceased himself), and about half-past six the fight commenced. The combatants appear to have been pretty equally matched, and the contest continued for about an hour, during which time it has been stated above forty rounds were fought. Pugh himself was much punished in the affray about the face, arms, and body. Towards the close of the fight Richards appeared much exhausted, and several of the lookers-on shouted to them to stop. This wise advice, however, was unheeded, and the combat was continued. In the last round Pugh struck the deceased a severe blow on the face, and both fell. The deceased rose to his second's knee, and on hearing "time" called, he attempted to rise to meet his opponent. He staggered, however, and fell head foremost to the ground. He was once carried to a house close by, where he shortly after expired. On Wednesday last, the man Pugh and the four seconds, J. Donaldson, John Jones,

E. Evans, and John Richards, were in custody, and all were present at the inquiry on Saturday last. From a post mortem examination of the body, made by Mr. John Ingman, of Ruabon, it appears that the immediate cause of death was a blow at the side of the right ear, causing a fracture of the temporal bone. The jury returned a verdict of manslaughter against the whole of the five prisoners. The prisoners Pugh, Evans, and Richards were released on bail. Donaldson and Jones were unable to find sureties.

CONFESSION OF AN ESCAPED CONVICT.—At the Lincoln City Police Court, on Friday, a wretched looking man, named *William Cole*, was brought up, charged, on his own confession, with escaping from transportation. The man is 51 years of age, and states that he was tried and convicted at the Lincoln March Assizes, 1833, for a burglary at the house of Sarah Cuthbert, at Coningsby, in the month of February in that year, and was sentenced to transportation for life, he having been apprehended by the parish constable at Coningsby, and committed for trial by the magistrates at Horncastle. He continued as a transport until about four years ago, when he escaped from Melbourne, in Australia, to New York, in America, and thence to England; and had ever since been wandering about the country begging his bread, until he became so tired of his life that he had determined to give himself up. On his arrival, therefore, at Lincoln, on Thursday, he went to give himself up to the governor of Lincoln Castle, but he was told that the officials had no power to receive him until he had first been before the magistrates. He then went and told his statement to Sergeant Chapman, of the City Police Court, who at once took him to the station. The prisoner was then remanded for a week, that some inquiries may be made concerning him.

A WHEELBARROW THIEF.—At the Thames Police court, on Tuesday, a strange-looking man, with a huge nose, who gave the name of *William Nathan*, but who has as many aliases as the Spanish Infanta lately christened has names, was brought before Mr. Woolrych, charged with stealing a great number of wheelbarrows. It appeared it had been the practice of the prisoner to hire wheelbarrows of poor costermongers, and then sell them below their real value and keep the money. Inspector Allison, of the K division, had received numerous complaints of the prisoner's misdoings from poor and industrious men, who earned a precarious living in the streets, and whose barrows were their travelling shops. A Police-constable said there were a host of persons in attendance who had been defrauded of their barrows by the prisoner. Mr. Woolrych, after hearing the evidence, remanded the prisoner for a week.

SINGULAR CASE OF ELOPEMENT.—On Saturday, at the Police-court, Newcastle, before G. C. Atkinson, Esq., a somewhat amusing case was disposed of. A shoemaker, named *Thomas Seagar*, was charged with receiving the sum of £18 10s. knowing the same to have been previously stolen. The prisoner resides at a place near Blyth; and it appeared that on Monday, the 14th instant, he had eloped with Susannah Shadforth, the wife of John Shadforth, a ship carpenter, living in the same neighbourhood. With the gay companion of his flight, the fellow proceeded to Gateshead, where the couple took up their quarters, having, in the first instance, secured a quantity of clothing, and, as was alleged, about £20 in money, besides some loose silver, the property of the deserted husband. Here, however, their stay was doomed to be of short duration. Receiving a clue to the whereabouts of the fugitives, Mr. Shadforth, with all possible haste, set out for the selected spot; and finding his faithless wife, he removed her to the house of her mother at Cowpen. For the time the prisoner made his escape, but was afterwards apprehended by a police-officer, named Nesbitt, stationed at Gateshead Fell; and in his possession, on being searched, was found the sum of money which he was charged with having received. Changes, says the Proverbs, are lightome, and so it would seem they proved in the present case, Seagar having stated, in reply to the charge, that Mrs. Shadforth had offered him £20 if he ran away with her. Such an offer had been too alluring to reject, and the shoemaker readily yielded to the temptation. The circumstances thus elucidated, the aggrieved husband consented to withdraw the charge, the money and other property being delivered up to their rightful owner. The offending wife did not put in an appearance. Seagar, the shoemaker, was discharged, under the conviction, no doubt, that he had paid sufficiently dear for his folly.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS ALICE.

(SEE PORTRAIT ON PAGES 40 AND 41.)

We have the pleasure of presenting to our readers in the following pages a full-length portrait of her Royal Highness Princess Alice. It is the fashion to append biographical sketches to the portraits of eminent personages; but in this case we hope to be pardoned from following the custom. The early career of noble and royal ladies is seldom very eventful, and the life of her Royal Highness forms no exception to the rule. Princess Alice Maud Mary, the third child and second daughter of her gracious Majesty, was born on the 25th of April, 1843, and is consequently now in her nineteenth year. Like all the children of our Queen, the Princess received a most careful education, under the immediate attention and personal supervision of her Majesty and the Prince Consort. Her Royal Highness scarcely ever left the Royal family circle, but accompanied her illustrious parents even in their journeys through the realm, and occasional visits to the continent. It was on one of these visits that the Princess made the acquaintance of the young Heir-Apparent of Hesse-Darmstadt, to whom her Royal Highness is now officially engaged. The projected marriage is stated to be grounded entirely on affection, with no political consideration whatever attached to it. This, indeed, is apparent in the choice of her Royal Highness. Prince Ludwig, of Hesse-Darmstadt, born Sept. 12, 1837, has as yet but the rank of captain in the Prussian army, and though he is prospective heir to a small duchy, two lives, those of his father and his uncle, the former scarcely more than fifty years of age, stand between him and the throne. This throne itself is not based on such power or wealth as to create the envy of Princes or of nations. The grand ducal of Hesse-Darmstadt is not larger than a qualified English county, with only about the population of the city of Manchester, and a revenue averaging that of the parish of St. Pancras, in Middlesex. It is clear, therefore, that something higher and nobler than mere worldly ambition, has drawn the daughter of the Queen of England towards the new home which she has chosen for herself. May she be happy there as here!





HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS ALICE.

NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.

Publishers will much oblige by forwarding to us the titles of forthcoming publications; and any books they may wish to have noticed should be sent early in the week, addressed "to the Editor of the Illustrated Weekly News," 15, Catherine-street, Strand, London."

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1861.

THE REV. J. LONG, of the Church Mission, whose name has been brought so prominently before the public lately, both in India and in England, in consequence of his having been tried in the Supreme Court, at Calcutta, for the publication of a translation of a Hindoo Drama, entitled the "Nil Durpan," is now on his way to England, and we understand that immediately on his arrival he will re-agitate here the question regarding the rival claims of the Ryots and the Planters. The English translation of the "Nil Durpan," is evidently the work of a native, and Mr. Long does not seem to have had any share in the composition of the drama, either in its Bengali or English form. The ground on which he was convicted of libel, was the fact that he edited and published the English translation of this satirical Hindoo drama, and got it distributed by Mr. Seton-Karr, under his official rank as Secretary to the Bengal Government. The author of the "Nil Durpan" insinuates that the two leading daily papers of Calcutta, the *Englishman* and the *Bengal Harkara*, which so zealously and unceasingly support the cause of the European indigo planters of Bengal against the ryots, or agricultural labourers in their employ, have betrayed the cause of justice, as Judas Iscariot—"the detestable Judas, gave the great preacher of the Christian religion, Jesus, into the hands of the odious Pilate, for the sake of thirty rupees" (thirty pieces of silver). "The proprietors of the two newspapers," (though no names of persons or titles of papers are given in the drama) are unmistakably indicated as men "enslaved by the hope of gaining one thousand rupees," (a hundred pounds.) The native translation does not perhaps intend to give quite so definite a significance to the amount of the supposed bribe or gain as the expression bears to the European reader. Perhaps the original dramatist and his translator only meant to allude to a large profit gathered from an increased subscription list, the result of the advocacy of the interests of so numerous a body of men as the European Indigo Planters of Bengal. But, be this as it may, it is a very unusual thing indeed, for Europeans in India to attach the least importance to the calumnious misrepresentations of them by Bengal writers, whose mistakes or falsehoods are in most cases either heartily laughed at or utterly neglected. But the present great contention between the Indigo planters and the Ryots, and the vehement advocacy of the former by the press, and the resolute support of the latter by the government, have produced an extraordinary public excitement and given temporary importance to everything, however trifling, that may be said or written on either side.

The natives of Bengal are particularly fond of having their views expounded, and their feelings expressed in a dramatic form; and the weaknesses or vices of Europeans are very favourite subjects with them for dramatic illustration at their private entertainments. But up to this, "the first of the State trials of India under the Empire," no class of our countrymen ever dreamed of prosecuting their native satirists or libellers, and the "gentlemen of the Anglo-Indian Press" were amongst the last to be suspected of peculiar sensitiveness or a readiness to prosecute their able opponents and caricaturists with "the utmost severity of the law." But the Reverend James Long, in an unlucky hour for himself, distributed with his own hands a bundle of Hindoo squibs and crackers. He has played with fire and burnt his fingers. He is a learned Orientalist and a Christian Missionary, and in both these capacities he has for many years past, taken a most lively and active interest in the people of Bengal, especially the poorer classes. Perhaps no man in India understands them better or feels a more generous interest in their moral and intellectual advancement. With no ill will, we believe, towards the Indigo planters, he has yet sympathized profoundly with the unhappy ryots, and taken up their cause with something of the same feeling with which Wilberforce, and other good Christians, took up the cause of the slaves in the West Indies. Mr. Long has done his best to emancipate the ryots of Bengal, who have so long groaned under the peculiar system of money advances which makes them the debtors and bondsmen of their European masters from generation to generation. The Indigo Planters of Bengal, as a body, deserve all the good that has been said of them, and little of the bad; but they are human beings, and the abominable system alluded to has tempted some of them to indulge in such acts of tyranny and oppression as, in the eyes of the natives, have thrown a shade upon the character of the whole class.

Mr. Long is an able, warm-hearted, energetic, impulsive, and honest man, but not a very prudent one; and in spite of an earnest desire to do good to his fellow-creatures of all classes, his feelings often carry him off his guard, and he is then hurried into such vehement demonstrations in favour of one class or party, as to make it quite impossible for him to avoid giving offence to the other. His intense sympathy for a weaker party makes him unjust to the stronger. Even when he is most anxious to be strictly fair and impartial, he becomes unconsciously a hot-headed partizan. He is quite incapable of treating any subject calmly. He is ever in extremes. He "no cold medium knows." It is not at all surprising, therefore, that he should have gone

on this occasion a little beyond the bounds of propriety and good taste with reference to his position as a Christian pastor, and a preacher of peace and goodwill to all men. He has sadly committed himself by prefacing the "Nil Durpan" with his most partial decision, that it is "written in simple, homely language, plain but true." For this confirmation and distribution of a Hindoo libel upon his own countrymen, he was sentenced to pay a fine of 1,000 rupees to our Sovereign Lady, the Queen, and to be imprisoned in the common jail of Calcutta for the period of one calendar month.

This decision will seem to the natives a very unjust one, for several reasons. In the first place, they will remark that there was not a single native on the jury, and that most Englishmen in Calcutta must naturally be more or less prejudiced against the editor of a Hindoo satire on the English character. In the second place, Sir Mordaunt Wells, the presiding judge, had, on several occasions expressed, on the bench, so contemptuous an opinion of the native character, that he had roused the ire of the whole Hindoo community, and had, for many months previous to the trial, been exposed to the assaults of the Bengali daily newspapers, and one English weekly paper, edited by an able and well-educated Hindoo gentleman. The judge, therefore, was even less likely to be impartial than the jury, as he had a grudge of his own against Hindoo satirists, and is known to be peculiarly thin-skinned and irritable. Then, again, Mr. Long was not subjected to a civil, but to a criminal prosecution, so that his mouth was closed—and he had no opportunity to enter into the question of the truth of the allegations cast upon him.

If the "Nil Durpan" had been the only native work which Mr. Long had taken pains to publish, his case would have had a more malignant aspect; but for many years past he had been in the habit of distributing, under the official rank of the Bengal office, all sorts of Bengali publications, characteristic of native manners, opinions, and feelings. His declared object was to make his Anglo-Indian countrymen better acquainted with the strange people amongst whom they lived, and with this object in view he thought it right to publish what was said against the English in India, as well as what was said in their favour. He says that if his countrymen had paid more attention to the native press, they would have been better prepared for the great Indian mutiny of 1857, and he does not hesitate to say that he sees another great public commotion looming in the distance, and that if we do not study the Indian character and consult native feeling more than we now do, we shall again be taken by surprise. "Mere armies," he says, "can no more secure the English in India than they established the Austrians in Italy."

We have said thus much to prepare our readers for Mr. Long's arrival in England, when the whole subject referred to will probably be introduced into Parliament, and be rediscussed by the press.

We do not believe that Mr. Long was actuated by malignant motives, though, with his usual impetuosity of feeling, he incautiously made use of expressions which seemed to justify a verdict against him. His object was to bring about a reform, or, rather, total change of the present Indigo system in Bengal, confessedly a wrong one.

We must add a word or two about Mr. Seton-Karr. As Secretary to the Government of Bengal he was in the habit of franking the circulation of all native publications which it was deemed advisable to encourage, or which it was thought might diffuse amongst Europeans useful information on matters connected with the vernacular literature, and the customs, character, and views of the Hindoo community; so that the act of franking the "Nil Durpan" was not in reality quite so singular or indecorous, as it might appear to an Englishman at home, unacquainted with the proceedings of a Government Secretariat office in Calcutta. We believe it was some months before his appointment as Secretary to the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, that Mr. Seton-Karr was selected to preside over a Commission to investigate the causes of the misunderstanding between the Planters and the Ryots; and the manner in which he acquitted himself on that occasion won him golden opinions from all sorts of people. His report to Government was singularly able and impartial. Since his close connection with Mr. Grant, the Lieutenant-Governor, he seems to have become more of a partizan, and the ugliest feature of his case is the fact that the bill for printing the "Nil Durpan" was originally presented to the Bengal Office, though in consequence, apparently, of the great outcry occasioned by the publication of the work, the bill was at last settled by Mr. Long, who was ready, it seems, to incur alone the full odium of the transaction. Subsequently, however, Mr. Seton-Karr very manfully and frankly took the blame upon himself, cleared the Lieutenant-Governor of complicity in the matter, and publicly expressed his regret that he should have assisted in the circulation of a book which turned out to be so offensive. But notwithstanding this apology and his claims to indulgence on the score of twenty years' distinguished service, he was dismissed from his office as Bengal Secretary by Lord Canning, as unfit to be trusted any longer in that capacity, though, oddly and inconsistently enough, Lord Canning refuses to accept Mr. Seton-Karr's twice proffered resignation of his far more important and responsible appointment to a seat in the Supreme Council—as if a man unfit to hold a very subordinate office under the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, himself a subordinate, might be quite fit to perform the duties of a legislator, to advise and check the Governor of all India, and to assist him to direct the destinies of two hundred millions of people!

VOLUNTEER MOVEMENTS.

Some interesting proceedings in connection with the London Rifle Brigade took place at the Crystal Palace on Saturday. The Lady Mayoress presented to the brigade the set of colours which the Corporation had voted; and her ladyship subsequently presented the silver bugles which had been subscribed for by the ladies of the city of London. The Lord Mayor then distributed the prizes which had been won in the recent rifle competition. Major Rose, who commanded during the day, returned thanks. The ceremony excited considerable public interest, which found expression in hearty cheers. A more detailed report of the proceedings, together with illustration, will be found in another part of our paper.

A silver lever watch and gold chain have been presented by the members of the 19th Cheshire (3rd Stockport) Rifle Volunteers, to Sergeant-Major Sampson, who has been their drill instructor since the formation of the company, about two years ago; but who has received orders to remove to a distant part of the country.

On Wednesday evening a large number of the inhabitants of Islington and the immediate neighbourhood assembled at Myddelton-hall for the purpose of witnessing the presentation of a set of drums and fifes by the ladies of Islington to the 7th Middlesex Rifles. The chair was occupied by Major Wilkinson, and upon the platform were a number of elegantly dressed ladies, the Volunteers being drawn up under arms in the balcony of the hall. Mrs. Smith presented the instruments on behalf of the ladies of Islington, and accompanied the gift by a few graceful remarks.

Lord Suffield entertained the 1st Norfolk Battalion on Wednesday at his seat at Gunton-park. The companies or subdivisions present were the Aylsham, Fakenham, Holt, Dereham, Reepham, Cromer, and Holt; and the battalion, which numbered about 300 of all ranks, was officially inspected by Lieutenant-Colonel Ibbotson. The inspection passed off most satisfactorily, and at its close the Volunteers were hospitably entertained by Lord Suffield. A number of prizes shot for among the members of the Aylsham Company have been won by Private Pratt, Cadet Clark, Drill Sergeant Bird, Sergeant H. Ireland, and Private Austen.

The Government having forwarded 200 rounds of blank and ball cartridge for gun practice, together with a large quantity of ball cartridge for rifle carbines, the Lowestoft Artillery Corps has arranged sectional drills for gun practice. Drill-Sergeant Hayes has been presented with a purse of £10 10s., subscribed for by the officers and other members of the battery.

The members of the Southend (Essex) Volunteer Company have had a competition for two silver cups subscribed for by the ladies of the Rochford hundred. These were won by Corporal Parsons and Lieutenant Barnard. The Essex Volunteers have now pretty well closed their outdoor proceedings for the present season, a final field-day at Witham having passed off very successfully.

A match between the 2nd Inland Revenue Company, Civil Service Rifle Volunteers (21st Middlesex), commanded by Capt. William Kniss, and the 1st or Universal Company of the West Middlesex, commanded by Captain Fenton, was shot on the 19th inst., at the butts at Wormwood Scrubs, for the 25 guinea cup originated by Captain Templar, of the Harrow Rifles, and held, without defeat, up to the present time, by the West Middlesex. The Inland Revenue Company were victorious by five points.

The sanction of the War-office having been obtained, the ca'ots of the 40th Middlesex (Central London) Rifle Ranges will shortly be supplied with carbines, with which they will be instructed in the manual and platoon exercises. The present strength of the 40th is about 600.

The company prizes of the 1st and 2nd Inland Revenue Companies of the Civil Service Rifle Volunteers, consisting of 10l. and 7l. for the greatest number of hits, were competed for at Wimbledon on the 15th inst., the distance being 250, 400, and 550 yards. The first prize was taken by Sergeant Godby, who, with Private Freer, made 15 points, but exceeded in the number of hits. Three prizes given by the officers of the 1st Inland Revenue Company were also competed for at Wimbledon on the 17th inst., the first prize being won by Private Clove, who made 20 points at 150, 200, 400, and 600 yards, three shots at each range.

The prizes for the 6th company of 19th Middlesex Rifles were shot for on Monday last at the Kilburn range, which was kindly lent for the occasion by Captain Morris, of the 1st Middlesex. The contest resulted in Lieutenant T. Preston winning the first prize, a short Enfield rifle presented by the Rev. Harry Jones, the treasurer. The ranges were 150, 200, and 300 yards, five rounds at each.

An interesting shooting match at 200, 300, and 600 yards (five rounds at each distance) came off on the practice-ground of the 1st Wiltshire at Laverstock on Friday last, between ten members of the Salisbury Rifle Corps and ten of the Lavington. The result of the contest was in favour of the latter by 18 points.

In Dorsetshire several prize meetings have taken place during the last few days in different parts of the county. That of the 1st Dorset Rifles extended over two days, and took place at Bridport. In the first class a handsome silver cup, presented by Mr. B. P. Gundry, was shot for at 300 and 600 yards, and won, after a spirited competition, by Private Marsh. A piece of plate, of the value of ten guineas, presented by the ladies of Bridport, and shot for at 700 yards, was won by Sergeant Holmwood.

On Tuesday last, prizes were shot for by the Keynsham, or 7th Somerset Corps of Rifle Volunteers, consisting of a handsome silvercup, a silver cream jug, and a Warnecliffe knife. The conditions of shooting were five shots at a single target at 200 yards, five shots at a single target at 300 yards, and five shots at a double target at 400 yards. Private Hall was the winner of the 1st, Private Gwyer of the second, and Private Wise of the third prize.

The officers and Volunteers of the 19th (City of Rochester) Kent Volunteer Rifle Company, together with the officers of the 12th (Gillingham) Artillery, 9th (Chatham) Kent Volunteers, and 45th (City of Rochester) Volunteers, were entertained at a banquet given by the Mayor of Rochester, Alderman J. L. Levy, on Wednesday evening last.

Mumbles Fort, in Swansea Bay, having been mounted with three 68-pounders and two 10-inch shell guns, and supplied with all the munitions of war, together with a melting apparatus for filling hollow shot with molten iron, was on Wednesday last manned for the first time by three detachments selected from the 1st Glamorgan Artillery Volunteers.

ACCIDENTS AND CALAMITIES.

FATAL ACCIDENT TO A COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.—Mr. John Hargreaves, the coroner, held an inquest on Sunday, at the London Hospital, on the body of George John Ward, aged twenty-four, a traveller in the service of Messrs. Hill and George, wholesale confectioners, in the city. The deceased was riding in an ordinary van, and when he reached the Canal-bridge-road, the horse stumbled and threw him off on to the roadway. Several persons witnessed the accident, but before they could assist, the wheel passed over his chest. He was taken to the hospital with fractured ribs, but expired on Thursday afternoon. The house surgeon said that the deceased died from the fracture of several ribs and other internal injuries. The deceased did not blame anyone. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death."

FATAL OMNIBUS ACCIDENT.—Mr. G. S. Brent, deputy coroner for West-Middlesex, held an inquest on Saturday at the White Lion public-house, Ely Water-road, on the body of John Hargreaves, aged twenty-five, residing at St. Albans-place, Edgware-road. Deceased was a coachman in the employ of the London General Omnibus Company, who met with his death under dreadful circumstances. The evidence adduced went to show that on Wednesday night as he was driving an omnibus down Pentonville-road, one of the horses suddenly fell. This caused him to fall from the box, and come in violent collision with a lamp-post, which was broken off. He was picked up slightly injured, and conveyed to his home, where he shortly expired. The jury returned a verdict of accidental death from fractured skull and other injuries.

BURNT TO DEATH.—On Saturday morning Mr. Sergeant Payne, coroner for the City of London and Southwark, received information of the following shocking occurrence, by which a married woman, named Julia Wainwright, lost her life, and her husband, a respectable mechanic, residing at Douglas-terrace, New-cross, was fearfully injured, so much so that he is not expected to survive. It appears that at a late hour on Friday night the deceased female was sitting up to let in a lodger who had not returned home. While reading the newspaper she fell asleep, and dropping the paper inside the fender it instantly caught light, and unfortunately ignited the poor woman's dress. In a moment she was surrounded by fire. Her shrieks for help alarmed her husband, who had just previously left the room, and he rushed to her assistance, and endeavoured to tear away the burning clothing. In doing so, however, his own clothes caught, so that instead of being able to render assistance to his wife, he was himself in the utmost peril. Several persons who lived in the house rendered the best aid in their power, and by their joint exertions the fire was extinguished. Mrs. Wainwright presented a fearful spectacle, being burnt all over the body, so much in fact, that the flesh and skin peeled off when she was touched. The other sufferer was almost as badly burnt. Both were removed to St. Thomas's Hospital, where Mrs. Wainwright shortly afterwards expired.

SEVEN FARMS DESTROYED BY FIRE.—On Saturday, the insurance offices were apprised of two very calamitous fires, involving an immense loss of farming property, and both resulting from carelessness by boys playing with lucifer matches. One occurred at the village of Great Gidding, in the northern section of Huntingdon, and the other at Croxton, in Bedfordshire. At the former the produce of 200 acres of this year's crop was destroyed. The fire originated on the farm of Mr. Garbutt, and, in consequence of the recent dry weather, the flames rapidly extended to ten wheat and other stacks, and to various out-buildings with machinery, all of which are reported to have fallen a sacrifice. The adjacent farm of Mr. Shendon was next attacked; eight or nine stacks are stated to have been consumed. Three other farms, belonging to Mr. J. Palmer, Mr. Yeoman, and Mr. Bier, were next fired, and twelve or fourteen ricks, with sheds, were burnt. At one time it was apprehended that the whole village would be reduced to ashes. The local engines were soon on the spot, but the extent of the conflagration would seem to indicate that they had little effect in checking the flames. The second outbreak happened on Thursday afternoon, at Croxton, near St. Neot's. Some little boys were playing with matches, when they ignited a rick on the farm of Mr. Emery, and, there being a brisk wind, other stacks and out-buildings were fired, and the burning embers being wafted over the road, set fire to another extensive homestead, the property of Mr. Cranfield, and thirteen large stacks, with barns, &c., were consumed. The conflagration then communicated to a row of seven cottages, all of which were burnt down.

SUDDEN DEATH IN THE RIVER.—On Monday morning, Mr. Sergeant Payne, the coroner, received information of the following melancholy case of sudden death. It appears that a pilot, who had charge of a sloop, had navigated the vessel from Gravesend, and had put into Queenhithe Wharf. Whilst walking aft of the sloop, he was noticed to stagger twice, and then fall to the ground. Several persons ran to his assistance, who picked up the unfortunate man, who was then found to be senseless. A medical man was sent for, and life was pronounced to be extinct.

OMNIBUS RACING.—A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN KILLED.—On Monday, a jury was empanelled before Mr. G. S. Brent, at the Lord Wellington, University-street, Tottenham-court-road, to inquire into the circumstances relative to the death of Mr. James Thompson, aged 70, an independent gentleman, who was deprived of life through being run over by an omnibus in the Hampstead-road, as alleged, by racing and competition. The evidence was of a very lengthy character, owing to the number of witnesses. It appeared that on the evening of last Friday week the deceased, who had arrived from the country with the intention of visiting his relatives in London and the suburbs, was a passenger by one of the London General Omnibus Company's vehicles running from Finsbury to Haverstock-hill. Shortly after passing the canal bridge, Hampstead-road, he stepped the vehicle, and got out with a carpet-bag and a walking-stick. From want of knowledge as to the amount of the fare a slight delay took place, and as the deceased was about reaching the pathway a second omnibus knocked him down and one of the wheels went over his right leg. He was eventually conveyed to the University College Hospital, where the limb was amputated, but he died on Friday last from exhaustion consequent on the effects of the injury. A verdict of accidental death was returned, but the jury thought some blame was attached to the driver. They strongly recommended caution to all drivers and conductors in putting down and taking up their passengers.

SPORTING NEWS.

The celebrated cricketers, known as the Australian Eleven, left London by the Great Northern, on Friday last, at five o'clock p.m., for Liverpool. Mr. F. Miller and the Lillywhites accompany the Eleven to Liverpool. Many gentlemen connected with the Surrey Club, &c., went to the station to bid the men adieu, and wish them success and safe home again, giving them three hearty cheers as the train left the station.

At Newmarket the other day, in one of the principal betting-houses, Mr. Jackson, the well-known sporting man, offered to back Tom Hayward and Bob Carpenter, the well-known cricketers, to play a single-wicket match for £5,000 against any two cricketers in England. The Earl of Stamford at once said, "And I will go in £3,000 with you, Jackson." This challenge has now been duly announced. Lillywhite's *Guide to Cricketers* thus describes Tom Hayward and Carpenter:—Thomas Hayward, born at Chatteris, Cambridgeshire, March 21, 1835; and if one more than another may claim to be "best of all," it is, no doubt, this player, being first-rate bat, bowler, and field. His masterly style of batting is greatly admired, while his bowling is both straight and difficult, with a good pace. Robert Carpenter, born at Cambridge, November 18, 1831. Quite among the first in the rank of distinguished cricketers of this country, he has a powerful defence, and his "back" play is wonderful.

The following statement appears in the *New York Spirit of the Times*:—We learn from a gentleman who arrived by the steamer City of New York, that the celebrated ex-champion and the almost equally renowned champion have had a "turn up" in the bar-room of an hotel in Lime-street, Liverpool, recently. Our informant states that Jem Mace, who is, or was at the time, under an engagement with Pablo Fanque's circus troupe, met Sayers, who is also engaged with another travelling circus (Howes and Cushing's) in Liverpool. It is well known that for a long time past a latent spirit of hospitality and jealous rivalry has existed between the two pugilistic luminaries, and that this feeling has been increased, if not actually engendered, by the openly expressed contemptuous estimation of the ex-champion for Mace's pugilistic abilities and science. The challenge which Mace threw out to the gallant Tom, after the latter's publicly announced retirement from the prize ring, coupled with the well-known fact that the handsome annuity (accruing from the munificent fund of subscriptions which had been the reward of his gallantry in his contest with Heenan) which he now enjoys, would be forfeited if he again entered the ring, has added fuel to the previously existing fire of animosity between them. Their meeting accidentally in a bar-room one evening in Liverpool, where both of the respective circus troupes were exhibiting, and the mutual recriminations which ensued, naturally led from a "war of words" to one of blows. Both men "peeled" on the spot, and the spectators present enjoyed the intensely exciting spectacle of champion and ex-champion of England "milling" each other with that vigour and severity that only deeply-rooted personal animosity can produce. We are told, and can readily believe, that the fight was an unusually interesting one. Mace, in consequence of his regular and temperate habits, was in far the best condition; Sayers being, as is well known, considerable of a *bon vivant*, with a strong partiality for indulging in conviviality, company, and late hours. His indomitable, bulldog courage, tremendously powerful hitting, and thorough practical knowledge of fighting, at last enabled him to gain a decisive victory over the champion. After half an hour's hard and very fast fighting, a terrific hit from the "auctioneer" on the throat knocked Mace all abroad, and he was unable to come again to the scratch. As soon as it was over, Tom was among the first endeavouring to bring his gallant opponent round, all his animosity having evaporated on the defeat of his antagonist. Sayers himself did not escape unscathed, as Mace repeatedly visited his "deal" with his dangerous left, making his mark very legible, while Tom showed that his right had not forgot its cunning, by the execution done on his opponent.

ANOTHER FOOTRACE BETWEEN "DEERFOOT" AND "LITTLE WONDER."—On Monday the enclosed pedestrian ground at Old Brompton (sketched in the last number of the "ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS") was again crowded with a vast assemblage of spectators, who mustered to witness the four mile running match between Deerfoot, the Seneca Indian, and W. Jones, of Islington, for a stake of £50. W. Jones, who has been before the public these two years, has run several times during the present year with various success. From the fact that Jones being a good deal faster than the old American Deer in his trials, and also that the first four miles in his late race with Barker were completed in 20 min. 23 secs., which is 39 secs. less than Deerfoot's time on Monday week, great interest was excited upon this event, on the result of which large sums of money were speculated, at odds in favour of Deerfoot, as much as 2 to 1 being laid in some instances. At twenty minutes past four the men made their appearance on the ground. The usual "Are you ready?" followed immediately by the word "Go," having been given, they started away at a clipping pace, the Indian at once dashing to the fore, and cutting out the running at a fine pace, but on going round the bottom turn Jones wrested the lead from him, but did not hold it long, for at the finish of the first lap Deerfoot was again front, leading by barely a yard. In this position they raced round the next lap, at the finish of which they were strictly level. During the next round the Redskin again got the lead, and maintained it during the 5th and 6th lap. Cummins now called on Jones to take the lead, which, on rounding for the 7th time, he held by three yards, and held it till nearly the 9th lap, when they passed and repassed each other twice, Deerfoot again getting a slight lead, and so they continued racing to the 15th lap, each alternately having a slight lead, and making the pace as severe as they could, in order to cut down the other. At the end of the 15th lap, Jones, who was barely a yard in the rear, fell exhausted into the arms of Mr. Roberts, leaving the Indian to run the last quarter of a mile by himself, which he did at slightly diminished speed, doing the entire distance in 20 minutes 10 seconds.

THE NEWMARKET RACES.—The Newmarket accounts appeared to require much squaring. In the City, on Monday morning, they were partly adjusted, but at the "Corner" in the afternoon, many balances remained still on the wrong side. Paying and receiving, however—the latter especially—seemed to be very pleasant, and no complaint worth notice came to our knowledge. The winners are chiefly confined to the "book-makers." Mr. Revill, senior, wins, it is said, about £8,000 on the race, whilst his son, the real owner of Audrey, loses about £300 over the result. Messrs. Holt and Crook, of Leeds, gain

nearly £7,000; Mr. Newcombe, of Bride-lane celebrity, who laid against seventy-three horses, and who, with his usual care, on the day of the race, made several that he stood had against "harmless," wins upwards of £15,000; Mr. Russell, who pursues his calling in Hyde-park, wins about £3,000.

THE "SOCIAL EVIL."

At a meeting held on Tuesday, by the promoters and friends of the so-called "Midnight Meetings," some curious statements were made regarding London prostitution, and the efforts hitherto made to stem the fearful evil. The statement was contained in a document issued by the committee. This document stated that in London there were 40,000 outcast women, two-thirds of whom were from the country. These poor creatures, before the commencement of the movement, had not, with the exception of occasional visits from missionaries, had any opportunity of hearing the preaching of the gospel. The number of meetings held had been twenty-one, and the rescued women amounted to 600. In addition to these results, a great spirit of inquiry had been raised among the poor women. An increasing number of Christian people had become interested in their welfare, and similar meetings had been held in Manchester, Liverpool, Nottingham, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, Dublin, Cardiff, and other places. In these towns, as well as in Plymouth, Exeter, and Hull, homes had been opened. The meetings had been attended by 4,000 women, and in the provinces 358 had been rescued from a life of sin. A large number besides these had given up their vile course of life, having found a way of escape for themselves. The promoters of the movement solicited continued support that they might repeat the meetings in London, and circulate still more extensively printed addresses among the men who contributed so largely to the perpetuation of this gigantic evil.

After the reading of the document containing the above facts, several speakers came forward, among them General Goodwyn, who made some very sensible remarks. The General said he thought there was one class of fallen women whom the movement had not yet touched. They belonged to a higher class than those who were received at the homes, and their case presented great difficulty. When they were spoken to they always asked the promoters of the movement, "What will you do with us?" Now, that was a question which it was most difficult to answer. These women had not been brought up to any trade; they could not do the work of women in ordinary places, and, therefore, their rescue would be a matter of great difficulty. The harmony of the homes existing would be jeopardised if a higher class of women were sent to them than those by whom they were now filled, and he deprecated such a result. He would suggest that ladies in the higher circles should be asked to interest themselves in these women, and converse with them, with the view of effecting their rescue. He would also suggest that an industrial institution, to meet the case of these women, should be organised. He then went on to speak of the causes which fed the social evil, instancing the hardships which women employed in certain businesses had to endure. A proprietor of a shop would say to a young woman that she might have a place in his shop, but that she would require to come in a silk gown and a gold chain. Perhaps the woman had not 5s., and where was she to get these two articles? (Hear.) Unhappily they know how some women had got them. He wished that all employers who acted in the way he had described would think of the results of their conduct. (Hear, hear.)

Several speakers afterwards addressed the meeting, and it was stated that the committee intended to hold twelve meetings during the coming winter in the metropolis.

AN IRON-CLAD PIRATE.—The following is the *New York Tribune's* account of the steamer Bermuda which is said to have recently broken the blockade:—"We have important information by way of Washington concerning the Bermuda, which sorely ran the blockade, and entered Savannah. She is an iron-clad vessel, of fifteen hundred tons burden. Sailing from Liverpool on the 11th of August, she reached Savannah on the 16th September. Her cargo contained eighteen rifled cannon of 32 and 42-pounders; two Lancaster guns of 168 pounds weight; powder, shot, and shells for the ordnance; 6,500 Enfield rifles; from 200,000 to 300,000 cartridges; 6,000 pairs of army shoes; 20,000 blaukets; 180 barrels of gunpowder; a large quantity of morphine, quinine, and other medical stores. The cargo cost \$1,000,000. The vessel is now sitting out as a pirate, to prey on the returning California steamers. It is said that Commander Totten is to have charge of her; also, that two more iron-clad steam frigates are expected at Savannah from England by the 15th of the present month.

ENGLISH NUNS.—On Wednesday last the village of Abbotskerswell, near Newton Abbott, received an addition to its population by the arrival of thirty-eight nuns, belonging to the Order of the Canonesses of St. Augustine. They originally lived in Belgium, but left at the time of the French Revolution and came to England, and resided at Amesbury, in Wiltshire, for about seven years. They then bought an estate at Speltisbury, near Blandford, in Dorsetshire, about sixty years since. Last year they purchased the estate occupied by Mr. C. J. Dreine, called Abbotsleigh, where an extensive and imposing building has been erected, commanding one of the most beautiful views in the neighbourhood, the foundation-stone of which was laid on the 10th of August, 1860. The building was gaily decorated with flags, flowers, and evergreens, in honour of the nuns' arrival. They were received by the Rev. W. Vaughan, the Roman Catholic "Bishop of Plymouth," and other clergy of his Church, and were accompanied by their chaplain. The church just commenced in connection with the above building is intended to be a masterpiece of art, and will be decorated with unusual grandeur.

CHARGE OF MURDER.—A few days ago Mr. Whitmarsh, one of the coroners for Wilts, held an inquest on the body of Frances Pearce, the wife of a labourer at Chippenham. The two were seen together drunk at night, and they seemed to be quarrelling. Next morning the woman's body was found. She was much bruised, and had several marks on her face and body. Two surgeons gave it as their opinion that the cause of death was effusion of blood to the brain, probably the result of the wound on the back of the head. The jury returned a verdict, "That the deceased came to her death by excessive drinking, and by whom that violence was awarded to her was not the evidence to show." Superintendent Wiggins immediately took the prisoner into custody on the charge of murdering his wife.



THE AMERICAN WAR—CONFEDERATE SCOUT SHOOTING A UNION PICKET.

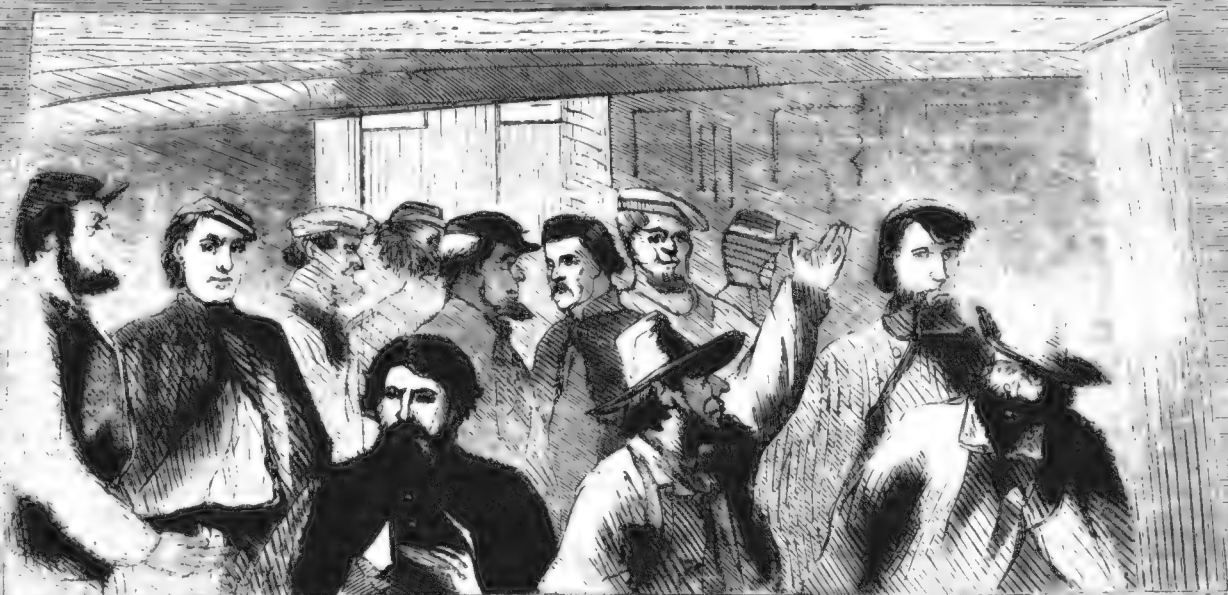
CONFEDERATE SCOUT SHOOTING A UNION PICKET.

A French paper lately ventured the statement that during the whole of the war now raging in the North American Republic, not more than some eight or nine hundred men had actually lost their lives. Whether this account be correct or not, we have no means of ascertaining; but certain it is that as yet the famous civil war has been uncommonly civil in its effects. There has been a good deal of "marching up the hill, and marching down again," but all these military promenades have been scarcely more sanguinary than those in the neighbourhood of Aldershot. On the whole this is not much to be wondered at, considering the enormous extent of territory over which the two armies are spread, and the consequent scarcity of points of collision. The war, in fact, has only been a sort of duel on

a somewhat extensive scale, in which the advance posts have taken part, while the rest remained lookers-on. Keeping in view this state of affairs, our engraving is an admirably real, as well as typical illustration of the American war. A Southern soldier is creeping through the thicket, levelling his rifle against a hated Northern foe. The bullet comes whistling through the air, and a corpse is lying on the ground. It is not war, but a duel, or rather a game of assassination. The picture is by an artist with Northern sympathies; but had a "rebel" drawn it, no doubt he would have made the assassin a Yankee. The negroes, it is well known, paint the devil with a white skin. So much is certain, however, that in intensity of *hatred*—real, inextinguishable fierce hatred—the Southerners surpass the men of the North. This gives bad odds in the game of bullets.

PORTHOLE OF A UNION STEAMER CONVEYING SOUTHERN PRISONERS AFTER THE CAPTURE OF FORT MATTERAS.

The inmates of the swimming prison, into which a peep is given in our engraving below, are, one and all, "representative men" of the South. There is the gentleman-slaveholder in the foreground, thoughtful and silent; next to him the dealer in human flesh and blood, noisy, coarse, and vulgar; a little more to the right the rowdy from New Orleans, grim and ferocious; to the extreme left the labourer and mechanic. The background is filled by a miscellaneous crowd of "loafers" and adventurers, all more or less with the cut-throat physiognomy about them. The army of the Southern States appears certainly to be made up, to a great extent, of the scum of the population. But it is undeniable that they fight well.



THE AMERICAN WAR—PORTHOLE OF A UNION STEAMER CONVEYING SOUTHERN PRISONERS, AFTER THE CAPTURE OF FORT MATTERAS.

LADY ELFRIDA'S POWER.

CHAPTER V.

MADAME PRISCILLA held the threads of intercourse between all the occupants of Ravelin. No news was too vast for her acceptance, no tattle too small to be overlooked by her; she gathered the entire harvest of news, scandal, and downright falsehood of the whole place, and scattered it again with a sure eye to the perfect proprieties. In her way she was a great woman. It was she who was the first in the building to learn that Mr. Herman, the artist, had left the Ravelin Arms. "How?" she asked. "Be a po-chay," was the answer. "Which?" Miss Priscilla demands, for let us be accurate or die. "T'bloo po-chay?" "Ho," says the madam, and rather thinks the family never are coming down to breakfast.

Then another of her contributors arrives in the shape of the carrier. He also has news. Madame Priscilla veils her curiosity in a breakfast, which she offers the carrier in the housekeeper's room; but he knows and she knows the exact state of the case. Yes; the carrier has news, which he gives with a gusto equaling that with which he attacks the breakfast. Here is another instance of the equilibrium of things in general. Oh, yes; the new young baronet has arrived. Yes, he had seen Mr. Juan, as they called him, though he had always thought "them Spaniards" were dark. No; this Mr. Juan, the "nevy" of Sir Jeffry, and poor Sir Jeffry looks very "coot cop;" he is a very fair and bright young gentleman. No; he could not take on him to say. Perhaps he was sixteen—certainly not twenty.

At this point the gusto towards the ham overpowered the carrier's love of news-giving, and the madam, having already made herself the mistress of all the heads of the visitor's budget, calmly got up, and, saying she would not interrupt him at breakfast, left the room, her thirst for information slacked, and her dignity as high and dry as ever.

At the breakfast-table that morning the family had hardly sat down, when a servant entered the room, carrying a letter.

"I know who wrote it—him," said Priscilla, who had been nursing her news. "The artist, Mr. Herman—he's gone."

Elfrida was plaiting the folds of her dress as the madam spoke. The news did not arrest her fingers for one moment. Slowly—slowly they laid the material of the dress in parallel lines.

Lady Falconridge started. "Gone?" she asked. "He said nothing about leaving yesterday."

Constance uttered a slight cry of astonishment, while Sir Harold looked rapidly at Elfrida. The next moment a calm, confiding smile swept over his face.

"Cousin," said Lady Falconridge to Priscilla, after opening the letter, "you are quite right, Mr. Herman has left Ravelin. He says, 'My dear lady, I find that I must leave Ravelin immediately for Paris. When I shall be able to return and complete the work you have so kindly permitted me to commence, I am unable to say. That I shall return under the two conditions of health and life you may be sure; and certainly before time has had the power of altering the beauty you permit me to attempt to copy. Till, la'y, I have the honour of seeing you again, believe me, your humble servant, 'HERMAN DE KOENAC.'"

"Koenac!—I know that name somewhere," said Constance. "It is a place in Brittany with an odd old castle; you have seen a sketch of it in my portfolio."

"Ah!—to be sure," said Constance; "and there's some scribbling round the edge; you must really let me look at it again, Elfy."

"I never look the portfolio," said Lady Elfrida.

"Here comes the boy with the letter-bag," said the madam, who was ever on the alert for news as a good watch-dog is for burglars. She always sat at breakfast so as to command the park gate and the arrival of the boy with the post-bag from the village. True, she never received a letter; but that fact did not very deeply lessen the delight she felt in seeing the arrival of the daily sensation.

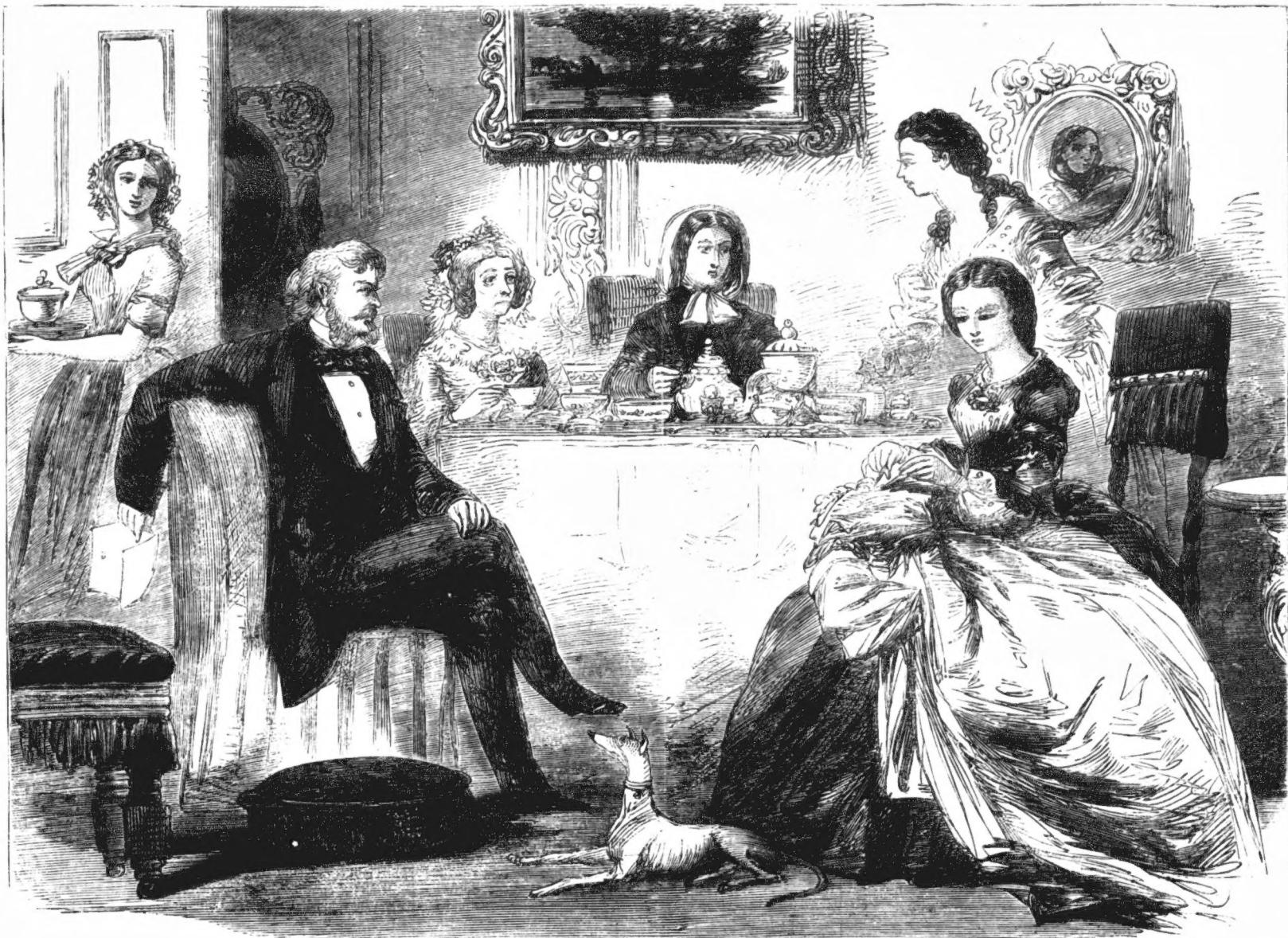
"Letters for Lady Falconridge—letters for Constance; none for Priscilla, or Elfrida, and one for Sir Harold."

"Ho!" said the latter, looking up, after having opened his letter. "My brother Horace is ordered away to India; we shall not have him here. He leaves Paris for Marseilles at the end of the week."

"You'll see him before he leaves, I suppose, Harold?"

The baronet did not immediately reply, and Lady Falconridge looking up saw that his eyes were fixed upon Elfrida's face. Constance also noted this appeal—for it was nothing less—of the baronet, and once more the young lady felt that desolation of loneliness take possession of her, which she had felt within her at various times since Elfrida had arrived at Ravelin.

An impenetrable expression was upon Elfrida's face. You



THE LETTER.

have seen that livid sunset, which seems to cast a pall over nature, when the air feels unnaturally dead and motionless; when no breeze gives the trees life, and when the sky is monotonous, and of a colour two persons would not describe in similar words—which you yourself could not describe twice alike; well, the expression upon Elfrida's face was in accordance with that awful aspect of nature.

"If you go to Paris," said Elfrida, "will you kindly do a little commission for me? I want to send an old friend of mine, Julia de Manfred, a turquoise ring I owe her."

Within an hour from the utterance of these words, Sir Harold Anwold was on his way to the continent.

The house was changed. How—in what manner, neither Lady Falconridge nor Constance could say; they felt the alteration—they could not analyse it. No actual words uttered by Elfrida could be found to which either could object—while her deeds were those which make English, and indeed, all other ladies, loved and respected. She was earnest in looking after the poor. She was unassuming, even retiring. She did not even scandalize the country neighbourhood with dashing horse-riding, yet somehow with her presence a new social life was commenced at Ravelin.

For instance, Lady Falconridge and Constance were both eminently sociable, and yet they left Elfrida to her own company almost immediately after Sir Harold Anwold had started for the continent. They strove each day to be more friendly

with Lady Elfrida; each day increased the frequent hesitation and awkwardness of the two ladies in the presence of the third.

When old and babbling Lord Effington called that morning, he found Elfrida sitting quite alone in the large drawing-room, working at a soft gray embroidery.

The old nobleman totally forewent his usual mode of talking with young ladies when conversing with Elfrida. It was the best tribute of respect he was able to pay her. He spoke upon subjects he would not have dreamt of mentioning to any other young lady; such topics as those most affected by serious, heavy gentlemen, after dinners as ponderous as themselves. The crops; Lord Effington talked to Lady Elfrida of the crops; thence he glided into the working of Poor-law Unions—a usual sequence in county conversations, though what connection there is between the corn and paupers it would be difficult to discover.

"I hear Sir Jeffry Pelton's nephew has arrived," said Elfrida, in the most natural manner possible, and as though the remark had floated quite naturally into her mind.

"Yes," returned his lordship; "I've seen him; of course, I see everybody new, and everything. Lady Elfrida, or I shall lose caste in the county; and that I do not mean to do, I assure you, till I play another act in my seven ages. I'm not sans teeth," said my lord.

He smiled as he said so, and showed a very handsome denti-

tion. Elfrida looked up and met the old nobleman's eyes with a very fine satirical expression. True, he was not sans teeth; but she did not tell him that she knew this was owing to the dentist. The madam knew all about it, and had not kept her tongue still.

"Do you like this nephew of Sir Jeffry's?" asked Elfrida, in a quiet, uninterested tone.

"Yes and no, if you can comprehend that, Lady Elfrida,"

"Really, I cannot," she replied.

"You see, Lady Elfrida," Lord Effington continued, in a light, pleasant manner, "the young man is a charming young man—very charming. I have nothing to do but to watch people, my dear Lady Elfrida; and, in fact, I watch them incessantly. I'm quite sure I never make mistakes."

"Not in faces?" asked Elfrida.

"Oh, no—the science of physiognomy is as simple as two, times in the multiplication table, when you know it. For instance, Lady Elfrida, I'm studying you. There, now, you have not started? That gives me a lesson in my pet science; you see, you have nothing to conceal, and you have no need to start."

"Dear me, my lord," Elfrida returned; "that's odd philosophy. Do you not believe in people who have sufficient self-command to hide their thoughts?"

"Oh, dear no; not from a good philosophical physiognomist. But, to return to Pelton's nephew, a charming lad, about 18,

but too earnest and eager at times. Do you follow me! He is very boyish, as a rule, but at times he—he is not boyish. By the way, he stands between Sir Harold Anwold and some thousands a year—I can tell you exactly. There's the Hamblin estate—that's a clear £1,500, and the Treverton place, that's —"

"Oh, my dear Lord Effington, do not, I pray you, bore me with a page out of your especial dowers' day-book; rather tell me how it is Sir Harold is interested in the baronetcy."

"I can give your ladyship the exact position of the affair—exactly. You know they call me the county genealogist of the county. Sir Jeffrey Pelton and Sir Halton Anwold, Harold's father, married sisters and heiresses. These sisters were singularly attached, and by their marriage settlements it was contracted that should either die without children, or should there be no direct heir in the shape of a son, daughter, or nephew to either of the baronets, the two husbands—you follow me—that the property of either heiress should go to the other, or her descendants. Now, you follow me, Lady Elfrida. The one sister, the late Lady Anwold, left a son, Sir Harold, who inherits her property, sadly eaten up, though, by Sir Halton's extravagancies; while Sir Jeffrey Pelton, who only has a life interest in the property, was left childless—hence this young Spaniard, the nephew, alone stands between Sir Harold and £5,000 a year. By Jove, Lady Elfrida, for Sir Jeffrey has managed the land he got with his wife to good advantage, and what with those coal mines, and that land for the railway, the property is one of the best in the north—let me the old lord continued, and politely picked up the embroidery which had fallen from Elfrida's hand.

"Thank you!" she said mechanically; "then should this young Spaniard die, the whole of Sir Jeffrey's estate come into Sir Harold Anwold's possession."

"Every acre—and every rood may be called a gold mine," continued Lord Effington, who when once set conversationally going, might have been as forth as one of the best illustrations of perpetual motion in the whole north of England.

"The wedding settlement of those heiresses was an extraordinary business, I remember they were the country talk when I was younger than I am now," his lordship added rapidly. "But my dear Lady Elfrida, if you were my age, your experience would tell you that marriage settlements and wills go more to prove the natural disorder, the chaos of things in general than any other human act. Take the will of your uncle, Lord George, there never was such a document—dear me, Lady Elfrida, pardon me," the nobleman suddenly ejaculated. "I am at my old failing once more, I am an inveterate gossip—I cannot help gossip, I assure you."

"Are you going, Lord Falconridge?" she asked, rising as she saw the nobleman leave his chair.

"Yes, pray tell Lady and Miss Falconridge, I regret not seeing them, Lady Falconridge is frequently ailing at this time of the year. We shall see you at Mervyn Court, I trust, soon."

"Certainly, Lord Effington, but I go out very little," said the young lady; "I am able to say I am not bored with my own company."

The visitor gone, Elfrida sat down in the full light of the good sun, and fell into deep thought. No eye were watching her, and she let her face tell its tale. What would Lord Effington say now to the features if he saw them. No longer beautifully calm, no longer exquisite in their habitual placidity, yet not troubled or angry. Her features were full of WILL. Of all natural objects her face bore the nearest resemblance to a granite rock, breasting the sea, nor shrinking towards the coast. There that rock stands immovable, changeable so slowly that it may be pronounced unchangeable, and utterly without feeling. A something terrible to look on in its power and strength and impenetrability; yet attracting admiration even by its cruel grandeur. Such the face, beautiful, yet terrible—challenging defiance in its calmness, yet unmoved by any wealth of opposition.

It has been said that Lady Falconridge and Constance, almost without knowing it, shunned Elfrida; but the absence of a few hours seemed to obliterate the inexplicable effect of her presence, and to induce a desire in both ladies to seek once more the new-comer's society.

Lord Effington had left the castle, and had been sprinkling scandal and small talk over the whole district for a space of three good hours, when Constance burst into Elfrida's room, all that frank confidence and energy of desire to please as generously displayed as they had ever been.

"Elfy, dear, are you playing at hide and seek?"

"No, Constance, *ma petite*; I've just finished a letter, and there's the address ended."

Constance had by this time reached the chair in which the young lady was sitting.

"I'm not looking," cried Constance, as she put her arms round her cousin's neck; "I've shut my eyes, I really do not want to read the address."

Elfy winningly raised her right hand, and smoothed her cousin's hair.

"You dear girl, are you beginning to be affectionate, you never smoothed my hair before. Oh, I saw the address; I really did not mean to. What a queer place!"

"There, now I insist upon your reading the name as well," said Elfrida; "you shall read the contents if you like."

"No, no," said Constance, then added in a vexed voice; "Oh, what a common name. Mr. Tidd Smith, Solicitor, Fig Tree-court, Temple, London. I really thought it was romantic."

"Indeed, Stacey, its very matter of fact. This person is my lawyer and man of business."

"You lucky girl, to have a fortune to call for a man of business. Why! what a large seal you are putting on it."

"Yes," Elfrida answered; "I mistrust the Ravelin postmistress—will you go down to the village with me—I want to post this letter?"

"Why can't one of the men run down with it?" asked Constance; "it looks as though it would thunder?"

"I must go down to the village—I promised one of those horrible cottagers—you know I do not mean they are horrible, but that their lives are so lamentable and repugnant, and so detestably wretched they live and die like rabbits in horrible hutches—but one must feed and look after one's rabbits. Do come, Stacey," said Elfrida.

"Oh—you've smoothed my hair again—I'll come, Elfy—and if I get drenched you must wring my hairs dry—come along—we'll take old Watch, the mastiff with us."

"No."

"Why not?" asked Constance catching Elfrida quickly by the waist and valseing her round rapidly.

"I and Watch do not agree."

"No—you don't," said Constance; "though how is it you and Timey, the Italian greyhound, are good friends?"

"I don't know," said Elfy; "come, let us be quick or my rabbits, I mean my cottagers, will grow sulky."

The letter was thrown carelessly in the post, the "rabbits" were looked after, and the cousins returned to the castle. It thundered slightly, but no rain fell till after they were housed.

A day passed. On the following Elfy had a letter handed to her.

"What a heavy letter," said Constance; "ha—its from Fig-tree-court I am sure."

"Bah," returned Elfrida; "it will be time enough to read it when I'm alone."

"I'm not going to leave you by yourself all day," said Constance, "because you were so amiable yesterday."

Yet before an hour had past Elfrida was alone in her own sitting-room. She had "chilled" Constance—how the latter could not say—she only knew that once again she felt repelled from her cousin. Something had been said or done to freeze the frank cascade, if the word may be used, of cheerfulness, which seemed to surround and glitter about Constance Falconridge.

At once Elfrida opened the letter.

"My lady—I have the honour to inform you that, in accordance with your request, I lay before you the provision of the late Lord George Falconridge's will. I have caused a search to be made at Doctor's Commons. I find that the will in question bears date May the 12th, 1811. By its provisions the entire property, real and personal, is left to Lady Falconridge, widow of Lord George, for her use during her lifetime. At her death it reverts to Constance, the daughter of Lady Falconridge. The bequest, however, is under one condition. It is this—that no evidence of insanity shall appear in either lady. Should such evidence be obtained by the necessary medical witnesses, to exist in either case, the property reverts, my lady, to yourself; your ladyship being the only child of either of Lord George's brothers, who are all deceased. The will then goes on to provide for the maintenance of Lady Falconridge and her daughter under these premised circumstances. The entire Ravelin property came into Lord George Falconridge's possession by marriage with the present Lady Falconridge, whose property was not secured to herself. In fact, there was no marriage settlement. I have the honour to be your ladyship's obedient servant,"

The letter fell to the ground.

Slowly her right hand was carried to her mouth. Then she considered for a time.

"Shall I?" she murmured.

Then the facile, exquisite right hand sought something to grasp. The fingers encountered red a silken cord upon the table. It was taken up and wound over and over the fingers—over and over restlessly. It was a deep crimson colour, and the unceasing fretting over and under and between the fair, beautiful, yet ungentle fingers, pressed some of the dark colour on to the skin, and stained it crimson too.

Still the work proceeded. The silk was not held still during one moment.

At last the cord, grown dim and faded by reason of the strain and wear upon it, was cast aside, and she started from her seat.

It was not dusk, but the shadows on her face were heavy—very heavy.

The depth of her thought was terrible—so terrible she spoke aloud.

"I WILL."

Those two words were all she said, low as a whisper, yet earnest as rolling thunder—"I WILL."

CHAPTER VI.

SEVERAL days had past when a large parcel of books arrived for Lady Elfrida. Fresh-hearted Constance Falconridge clapped her hands together delightedly as she saw the heading "Mudie" on the parcel.

"Now that, Elfy, is what I call perfectly practical. Our old village library is more stupid than no library at all—and the books in it more ridiculous than *Dutch*—than poor Mary Hogg howling in Church because Jack Brown thought better of it at half-past ten and hid himself in the lay-loft. Let us open it directly, Elfy."

"There it is," said Elfy, "open it yourself."

Lady Falconridge looked on in smiling amazement at her daughter's rapid fingers pulling and tugging at the fastenings of the parcel. Lady Falconridge's smile was, perhaps, weak—declared her possibly a woman not equal to great emergencies, but it was very attractive and soothing, if that word is admissible. Her face was in admirable contrast with her niece's. Elfrida was also smiling, but hers was a hard smile—her face seemed to express contempt for the bright anxiety and childlike energy Constance was exhibiting.

At last the books were brought to view. A good score in covers of many colours. They were chiefly in sets of three, and these Constance caught up and announced their titles in varying tones. This must be capital—what a delightful title. And this—oh, delicious! No—that must be stupid—for there was nothing in the name.

"But, oh Elfy, what is this?" Constance asked at the very pitch of enquiry, as it were. The book she had lifted from the table was a heavy thick book, uninvitingly bound in olive green—a hideous book to look on. "A mistake, it must be a mistake," cried Constance the next moment.

"What is it?" asked Elfy, who seemed to show little interest in the arrival of books.

"Some Enquiries into the Nature of Insanity," Constance returned, "by Dr. —, Dr. —, oh, I can't pronounce the stupid name. The absurdity of sending us such a book as that—why, Mudie's people must be mad themselves. Oh, I know what we'll do with it—let old Dr. Evan Jones read it. He'll bless us for the loan, and be more gentle with us than ever when we're laid up."

"It is an odd work," said Elfy; "but as it is here I shall try and get through it; you know I'm an odd girl."

"There, take your literature," said Constance, bumping the heavy book down on the table. "Heaven bless you with patience to read it."

After dinner Elfrida was once more in her own room, and again reading the "insanity book" as Constance called it.

Hour after hour passed away, still Elfrida read on. Constance had come and wished her "good night;" that stillness of the black hour which may almost be heard, had slowly reached its highest power—still she read on.

The candles fell upon the hearth with that nervous, ominous sound they never possess by daylight; but the sound did not trouble her. She sat till the fire was out, and till the light of the lamp sickened, and was dull from sheer want of watchfulness, yet her eyes were fixed upon the book, still the rapid, little hand, turned over page after page of the thick heavy volume.

Suddenly—a start.

As suddenly, a rush of bright blood into the face, a lighting up of the eyes, and a parting of the lips. She has read something she will read again; nearer the lamp is drawn, less is the distance between the eyes and the print.

She reads once more these words.

"We must reiterate that in many cases real insanity is not so apparent as that sane eccentricity, which, more or less, exists in a large percentage of the community, and which is as absolutely distinct from actual insanity as light from darkness. This apparent contradiction may be easily explained. In the former cases the patients seem to have a knowledge of their state, and are on their guard, while in the latter, this division of the community, perfectly sure of themselves, have no desire to hide those peculiarities, which, in the opinion of the public, sets them forth as people of unsound mind. There is, however, one means of testing the mental state of such patients as those to which I here refer, that, in the absence of a better mode, I would seriously recommend to all men of my profession who are called in to decide upon the sanity or insanity of a human being. A sane man has never any doubt of the material world. An insane man, on the contrary, however free from madness he may appear, has always a *doubt* of the reality about him. He may assert that all is real about him, but press him to prove that he is surrounded by reality, and instead of meeting the argument with ridicule, the mode in which it would be met by absolutely sane men, even of the weakest physical constitution, and it will be found that the patient yields and admits that the reality of the world about him is questionable. I commit myself to the assertion that, a man weak enough to admit otherwise than in metaphysical recreation, that he is surrounded by an unreal world is a madman. This assertion I surely substantiate in pointing out that it is impossible to govern realities, such as harmony and human action, if the reality is denied, or if not denied, doubted. Now a man unable to control his actions is not sane—therefore, I submit that a man who disbelieves in the truth of his actions is unable to control them, and is, therefore, from a legal point of view, actually insane. Were I called upon to decide between the sanity or insanity of a man who persistently maintained the world to be unreal, or did not ridicule any attempt to prove it unreal, I should be prepared to say that he was not fit to have control either over himself, his actions, or his property."

On the following morning Elfrida was chattering gaily with the madam, who was happy and gratified, for Elfy had repeated her errors, and admitted the full and truthful effulgence of those well-aimed diamonds. The madam placed herself admirably as the two were working in the conservatory, clipping and snipping with that delightful industry for which ladies' gardening is celebrated.

Elfrida had that morning put on a crape dress of the colour associated with the tea-rose—a pale exquisite yellow in the high lights—a soft harmonious greenish yellow in the deep shadows. With this dress she had formed a wondrous harmony; she never dressed in contrasts, though a pearl necklace, the string of mysterious jewels, as pearls have so often been called, secured the natural adjunct to her dress.

"Charming dress you've got on—so charming—hem," said the madam, "you certainly dress better than Constance."

"What is dress, my dear Miss Harcourt? common sense is far more to the purpose, as Lady Falconridge said yesterday."

"Did she, hem, dear me," said the madam, smiling.

"How oddly you look at me," replied Elfrida.

"Odd, I was thinking Lady Falconridge's remark odd. In fact, I may tell you that—that—but I'm sure I may trust you?"

"If you wish," said Elfrida.

"Yes, I'm sure," continued the madam; "I may say to you, that Lady Falconridge can be odd—very odd."

"Indeed," answered Lady Elfrida.

"But there my dear, you ought to know, and I dare say you do, and if you do not, it is *shameful*; that Lady Falconridge's branch of our family—not mine, I assure you, not mine—is a little flighty at times. Though for that matter, poor dear Lord George himself was odd, very odd, hem?"

"I know none of the family secrets, Miss Harcourt," said Elfrida.

"Then you ought to know them, you belong to the family; very odd, Lord George, look at his will."

"Oh! I could not look at will."

"I'm sure what between Lady Falconridge and Lord George, I pity Constance. Hush! here they are. Not a word. Hem! good morning, my lady, hem's another camellia out; good morning Constance, you're like a rose, hem!"

At the end of some moments Lady Falconridge and Elfrida were standing together near the camellia of which the madam had been speaking.

"How beautiful that camellia is blooming, Elfy."

"Are you quite sure of that?" asked Elfy, laughing lightly.

"Quite! look at it."

"Are you quite sure it is there?" asked Lady Elfrida, her smile growing still more bright.

"Of course I am," said Lady Falconridge, earnestly.

"Ha! but you cannot prove it to be before you, aunt."

"No?" replied Lady Falconridge, in an earnest tone.

"Try."

"Well, really, now you suggest the idea to me, Elfy; I cannot prove the flower is there! What a dreamy idea; I feel I cannot prove it is there."

Lady Falconridge turned away thoughtfully, and Elfrida saw her sit down by herself and remain for some minutes, as though in a deep fit of abstraction.

That same day Elfrida wrote to Sir Harold Anwold.

"Dear Sir Harold," she said; "I have neither power nor time to write more to you than to say that I hope your return will not be very distant. Nothing is the matter; but I want you here. Do not be surprised at the tone of this letter; I am, perhaps, forced to adopt it. Believe me, very truly your friend, ELFRIDA FALCONRIDGE."

(To be continued.)

NEW INVENTIONS AND DISCOVERIES.

NEW LIGHT.—A trappist named Delat Savin, of the Abbaye de la Grace-Dieu, has made a discovery that may produce a revolution in the system of lighting and heating public and private buildings. He has invented a new pile, much stronger, and at the same time much cheaper, than the pile of Bunsen. By means of his photo-electric apparatus he produces an electric light as cheap as gas, and with his thermo-electric pile he supplies calorific on economic terms hitherto unknown. Several of these apparatus have been constructed, and one is at full work at the Abbaye de la Grace-Dieu. Manufacturers for the public are shortly to be established in Paris and at Lyons. The inventor has been authorised to make public experiments with his system of lighting on the Place Saint Jacques in Paris, and on the Place Bellecour at Lyons.

RAILWAY SIGNALS.—An ingenious inventor in France named Bazin, has produced a new mode of communication between the passengers and the guard of a railway train. Each carriage is provided with a bell and a vane; when a cord is pulled the latter is set free, and turning rapidly by the passage of the train through the air, works the clapper of the bell, and at the same time brings a coloured flag into view. The person who pulled the cord is indicated by the fact that the latter is displaced until the alarm is reset.

THE STEAM PLOUGH.—This important adjunct to modern English farming has found its way over to France, and the Emperor has ordered ten of them to be constructed. One of these was recently tried near Metz, and its style of working where the ordinary plough was useless, owing to the dryness of the ground, has given great satisfaction, showing not only the advantage but the economy of the use of steam, a saving of 400 per cent. being effected by the agriculturist.

SUBSTITUTE FOR LEATHER.—Not the least remarkable feature of the present day is the almost universal application of a new discovery, intended, perhaps, to supply a want in one particular branch of industry. We are not, therefore, surprised to learn that M. Szwedzinski has adapted his process of indurating stone to other substances, and as an instance of this in the House of Parliament alone, where its first trial took place, it is used also to prevent rust. Wood, too, is subject to the "Zapissa" process, and last year it was found to act wonderfully on calico, cloth, mackin, &c., rendering them waterproof, and capable of being worked up into most wonderful imitations of the varieties of dressed leather. This last application has recently been patented, and a company is now being formed for the manufacture of boots and shoes, of which the upper leathers are to be made of this new material, which, soft to the foot, adapting itself like a glove, is not liable to crack or shrink, is impervious to wet, and permits the perspiration to pass off. Other improvements, too, in the manufacture itself, are introduced. The sole is divided along the side, leaving the upper portion of it to protect the foot from the rivets, and the hard side of the leather too is lowest, leaving the soft side (the "sucker") propensities of which we have doubtless all proved experimentally) to be presented to the foot to absorb its moisture, and not to the ground as is now done. This new material, and the improvements we have mentioned will, no doubt, recommend themselves, and from the cheapness of the former a great reduction in the price of boots and shoes may be expected.

VARIETIES.

Original and Selected.

GOOD-TEMPERED GIRLS.—If we had our choice between a wife with \$20,000 and a bad temper, and one with only sixpence and a sweet, good temper, we should take the latter at once, or we are a bigger fool than we suspect ourself of being. We deliberately believe that \$20,000 five times told could not be made to procure as much happiness as a sweet-tempered wife could yield. And much as men love money, the greater and best part of them will judge as we do. So, girls, cultivate a sweet temper as the best dowry you can bring a husband.

RESPECT DUE TO WIVES.—Do not jest with your wife upon a subject in which there is danger of wounding her feelings. Remember that she treasures every word you utter. Do not speak of great virtues in another man's wife, to remind your own of a fault. Do not reproach your wife with personal defects, for if she has sensibility, you inflict a wound difficult to heal. Do not treat your wife with inattention in company: it touches her pride, and she will not respect you more, or love you better for it. Do not upbraid your wife in the presence of a third party: the sense of your disregard for her feelings will prevent her from acknowledging her fault. Do not entertain your wife by praising the beauty and accomplishments of other women. If you would have a pleasant home and a cheerful wife, pass your evening under your own roof. Do not be stern and silent in your own house, and remarkable for sociability elsewhere.

FAMILY MATTERS.

DIAMOND CEMENT.—One pound of white glue, seven ounces of white lead, one quart of soft water, half pint of alcohol. Put some water in a kettle and place the kettle over a brisk fire—put the three first-mentioned articles in a tin vessel and place the tin vessel inside the kettle, stirring the articles till they amalgamate—after which add the alcohol, and boil again until the mass is well mixed. Bottle while warm.

BRONZING PLASTER OF PARIS, WOOD, &c.—The term of "Surface Bronzing" is applied to the process of imparting to the surface of figures, plaster of Paris, &c., a metallic appearance. This is done first by giving them a coat of oil or size varnish, and when this is nearly dry, applying with a dabber of cotton or a camel-hair pencil any of the metallic bronze powders, or the powder may be placed in a little bag of muslin, and dusted over the surface, and afterwards finished off with a wad of linen. The surface must be afterwards varnished.

THE BARREL RAT TRAP.—The barrel trap is constructed as follows: Take a barrel and fit a top to it which will pass freely inside of the barrel. Across the exact center of this top nail a stick with circular ends, which will protrude about an inch on each side. Then on opposite sides of the barrel, near to the top, bore two holes large enough to admit the ends of the stick. If the cover is evenly balanced it will, of course, stand on a level, and the plan is to put your bait on the centre, so as not to disturb the equilibrium of the cover. The rat, in jumping after the bait, alights on the edge of the cover, which gives way beneath his weight, and lets him down into the barrel. In this way as many as one hundred rats have been caught in a barrel in one night. Of course it will not do to leave the barrel unwatched for any great length of time, as the rats will gnaw their way out, unless the barrel is lined with tin.

SKINNER'S SHAVING-MACHINE.—"The soft side of a plank" has not generally been regarded as a very luxurious bed, but when an inventive Yankee finds even this substance the cheapest for the purpose, he will fashion from it a mattress which, in cleanliness, healthfulness, and comfort, will sustain a creditable comparison with curled hair, goose feathers, or eider down. Instead of wasting his time in vain repinings at his hard lot, he appeals to his own cunning brain and skilled right hand to give him a more comfortable couch. Combining a knowledge of the properties of matter and of mechanical notions with the most recondite relations of curves to lines which have been discovered in geometry, he constructs a machine which will swiftly whittle his plank into curled shavings, and form a soft, elastic, and really comfortable bed. The shavings are cut from 1-8th to 1-32d of an inch in width, and from 1-120th to 1-150th of an inch in thickness. They are sold at about 3 cents per pound, and many tons of them are used annually by carriage and furniture manufacturers, and by makers of mattresses.

HOW TO MAKE A CHEAP, SIMPLE, AND PERFECT STORM GLASS.—The storm glass is a very elegant and economical little "weatherwise," which deserves more attention than it has yet received. To prepare this instrument, take two drachms of camphor, half drachm of pure nitrate of potash (nitre or salpêtre), and half drachm of muriate of ammonia (sal-ammonia), and triturate them together until they are thoroughly pulverized. The operation may be assisted by adding a few drops of alcohol. When well triturated, the mixture is to be dissolved in about two ounces of alcohol, and put into a tall phial, as an Eau de Cologne bottle, or into a glass tube, of about ten inches in height and three-fourths of an inch in diameter, the mouth of which is to be covered with a bit of bladder or the like, perforated with a pin. The instrument is then complete. The indications which it gives are of this nature:—If the atmosphere be dry and the weather promising to be fine, all the solid part of the composition which appears in the glass will be closely collected at the bottom, and the liquid above will be quite clear; but on the approach of a change to rain, the solid matter will appear gradually to rise, and small crystalline stars will be observed to float about the liquid, which, however, will remain otherwise pellucid. On the approach of winds, flocks of the composition, apparently in the form of a leaf, will appear on the surface of the liquid, which in this case will seem thick and in a state of fermentation. These indications often begin to exhibit themselves twenty-four hours before the actual breaking out of the storm, and after a short experience in observing the changes of appearances of the materials in the glass, not only the magnitude of the coming storm will readily be estimated but likewise its direction; for the quarter of the compass from which the wind blows will always be indicated by the circumstance of the solid particles lying closely to the side of the glass opposite to that whence the tempest comes. During the winter, the composition is rendered white by the multitude of small white stars which are constantly floating about in the liquid: this is particularly remarkable during white frost and snow. In summer, on the contrary, when the weather is warm and serene, the liquid is clear, and the solid matter lies at the bottom of the glass.

THE GAZETTE.

FRIDAY, October 18.

BANKRUPTCY ANNULLED.

Bradbury, Asst. Old Church-lane Mill, Oldham, Lancashire, cotton spinner and dobler.

BANKRUPTS.

Cowton, Robert, 9, Lyon-street, Caledonian-road, Middlesex, grocer, tea dealer, and cheesemonger.

Leaver, Joseph Christopher, 2, Bear-street, Shepherd's-bush, Middlesex, shipbroker and shipowner.

Armstrong, William, 42, Eastcheap, City, dealer in colonial produce.

Goodchild, Joseph, 239, High-street, Shoreditch, Middlesex, ham and beef dealer.

Welling, William, 6, Clapstone-street, Fitzroy-square, Middlesex, silversmith.

Dob, William Edward, 89, Raynor-street, Goswell-road, Clerkenwell, and 42, Great James-street, Bedford-row, Holborn, Middlesex, architect, appraiser, house and estate agent.

Nethorpe, James, 3, Clarence-terrace, Wansworth-road, Surrey, flour factor.

Jury, George, and Jury, Frederick, Maidstone, Kent, tailors and undertakers.

Glass, George Michael, sen., Brandon-street, Walworth, Surrey, chemist and gelatine manufacturer.

Hamball, Alfred, 35, Great Portland-street, Middlesex, boot maker.

Evenett, James, High-street, Poplar, Middlesex, corn dealer.

Worman, Elizabeth Willard, Old Charlton, Kent, widow.

Griffiths, Thomas, 11, Park-street, Southwark, Surrey, out of business.

Sterner, Henry Caton, 24, Lambeth-walk, Surrey, cheesemonger.

Lovegrove, Joseph, Newton House, Vicarage-place, Kensington, Middlesex, surgeon.

Clarke, John Owen, 1, Lindsey-cottages, Lower-road, Islington, Middlesex, and 107, Dorset-street, Fleet-street, City, printer and publisher.

Seywell, John, 11, Blundell-street, Caledonian-road, Islington, Middlesex, draper.

Green, Charles, 135, Western-road, Brighton, Sussex, gas-fitter.

Ingman, James George, 193, Tottenham-court-road, Middlesex, woollen draper.

Dickman, William, 2, Three Colt-lane, Cambridge-road, Middlesex, baker.

Reynolds, Thomas, 42, Henry-street, Pentonville, Middlesex, hosier and shirt maker.

McNamara, Edward Kingett, Pavilion Hotel, North Woolwich, Kent, hotel keeper.

Cooper, William, 10, Essex-street, Forest-gate, Essex, out of business or employment.

Dobson, William, 1, Old Gravel-lane, St. George East, Middlesex, builder.

Finlay, John, 47, Henry-street, Portland-town, Middlesex, grocer and cheesemonger.

Stadman, Francis Robert, 2, King-street, Finsbury-square, Middlesex, and at Manchester, Hull, and Bradford, boot and shoe warehouseman.

Bushby, James, Aldershot, Hants, corn and coal dealer.

Black, Andrew, 1, Melbourn-place, Cambridge-road, Bethnal-green, Middlesex, dry fishmonger.

Jous, George Samuel, 37, Strand, Middlesex, manager to a printer.

Gibson, Nicholas William, 4, Austin-frars, City, ship and insurance broker.

Preston, James, prisoner in the Queen's Prison, Southwark, out of business and employ.

Davis, Isaac Noah, Brentford Distillery, Brentford, Middlesex, distiller.

Silverthorne, John, Gillingham, Dorsetshire, corn dealer.

Alabaster, Henry, Stratford New-town, Essex, baker.

Lockwood, John, Stowmarket, Suffolk, innkeeper.

West, Edward, Hertsfordshire, draper and chapman.

Deakin, Francis Henry, Ledbury, Herefordshire, licensed victualler.

Wright, Richard, Hunter-lane, Birmingham, polisher and greengrocer.

Smith, William Taylor, and Smith, Wade Hampton, Sedgely, Staffordshire, nine drainers.

Astles, Frederick William, Smethwick, Staffordshire, schoolmaster and agent.

Weston, Henry, Eastwood, Nottinghamshire, small ware and millinery dealer.

Kelley, Jonathan, Birmingham, coke merchant and railway carriage builder.

Spilbury, Henry, Birmingham, licensed victualler.

Burkhouse, Sidney, Brown Mill, Meltham, Yorkshire, yarn spinner and manufacturer.

Taylor, Thomas, Handlith, Killy Malhamdale, Yorkshire, farmer and cattle dealer.

Hornby, James, Liverpool, wald manufacturer.

Rigby, Edward Bevan, and Holden, Enoch, Erasmus, Widnes, Lancashire, commission agents.

Gormley, William, Portugal-street, Oldham-road, Manchester, screw, bolt, and nail manufacturer.

Allan, John, Durham, iron and steel merchant, and grease manufacturer.

INSOLVENT PETITIONERS.

T. Evans, prisoner in Worcester Gaol, no business.—R. Scott, Everton, Lancashire, out of business.—E. Beck, Liverpool, dealer in haberdashery and stationery.—J. Williams, Tipton, Staffordshire, chemist and druggist.—H. Horton, Redditch, Cradley Heath, Staffordshire, schoolmaster.—T. Burton, Dudley, Worcestershire, nailmaker and dealer in grease brushes.—E. Hickman, Old-hill, Staffordshire, doggy.—R. Mills, Sedgely, Staffordshire, beerhouse keeper and brewer.—W. J. Stokes, Tivdale, Staffordshire, saddler and harness maker.—J. Chambers, Dudley, Worcestershire, out of employment.—J. Harrington, Rowley Regis, Staffordshire, beerhouse keeper.—W. Danglefield, Tipton, Staffordshire, boot and shoe manufacturer.—D. Millington, Coseley, Staffordshire, carpenter and builder.—J. Jones, Dudley, Worcestershire, soda water and ginger beer manufacturer.—J. Bailey, Macclesfield, Cheshire, beerhouse keeper and collier.—J. Rome, Hulme, Lancashire, out of business.—J. Mellor, Salford, Lancashire, general machine fitter.—J. Higman, Salford, Lancashire, beersealer and ginger beer manufacturer.—J. Wagstaff, Salford, Lancashire, carver and gilder.—W. Paine, Kenninghall, Norfolk, agent for the sale of books for Messrs. Blackie and Son.—W. Webster, Norwich, beerhouse keeper and brewer.—W. F. Keel, Heigham, Norwich, housebreaker.—W. H. Hull, Norwich, Norfolk, bread and biscuit baker.—J. Cullum, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, beerhouse keeper.—J. Perry, Chichester, Shropshire, out of business.—H. Long, Bridgton, Shropshire, confectioner and baker.—T. Owen, Ardwick, Lancashire, out of business.—J. Lyon, Ardwick, Lancashire, railway clerk.—J. Fitchard, Monmouth, licensed victualler and commission agent.—J. Gwynn, Ore Pool, Gloucestershire, farmer and innkeeper.—R. Edwards, Frodsham, Cheshire, draper's manager.—S. Robinson, Ramora, Cheshire, flet dealer.—R. Hart, Buntingford, Norfolk, fruiterer and general dealer.—A. Hipperson, Wymondham, Norfolk, out of business.—T. Jones, Tipton, Somersetshire, baker.—J. Tucker, Long Sutton, Somersetshire, livery servant and shopkeeper.—T. Bickett, Ipswich, Suffolk, saddler and vendor of patent medicines.—C. Brothers, Fordingbridge, Hampshire, boot and shoemaker.—E. H. Lawer, Winchester, Hampshire, licensed victualler and carpenter.—E. Aylst, Canterbury, Kent, servant to a carrier.—F. Tong, Canterbury, Kent, dealer in wood.—G. Hadham, Hereford, stone mason and builder.—S. Hester, Oxford, bookkeeper.

TUESDAY, OCT. 22.

BANKRUPTS.

Cowton, Robert, 9, Lyon-street, Caledonian-road, Middlesex, grocer, tea dealer, and cheesemonger.

Jenks, Louisa, Lewisham-hill, Kent, widow.

Watson, B. and, Belle Vue Tavern, Windmill-hill, Gravesend, B. and, licensed victualler.

Miller, John, 56, Golden-lane, Barbican, Middlesex, baker.

Barwick, Edward, 9, Union-court, Old Broad-street, City, lithographer and general printer.

Cribb, William, a prisoner in the Queen's Prison, and lately carrying on business in Moorgate-street, City.

Hall, Samuel William, the Grove, East Dulwich, Surrey, gentleman.

Dree, James Stephen, 87, Strand Middlesex, out of business.

Knight, William, 10, Baker-street, Walworth-road, Camberwell, Surrey, hairdresser.

Stevens, John, 3, Lonsdale-road, Bayswater, Middlesex, builder and contractor (now a prisoner for debt in Whitecross-street Prison).

Ivens, John, Water Eaton, Bletchley, Buckinghamshire, farmer and cattle dealer.

Osborn, Henry, accountant and commission agent, late of 40, Broad-street-buildings, City, but now a debtor in Whitecross-street Prison.

Smith, Joseph, 33, Lombard-street, City, tailor and draper.

Williams, John, 31, King-street, Bloomsbury, Middlesex, out of business.

Dummler, Albert, 2, Grove Hill-terrace, the Grove, Camberwell, Surrey.

Sampton, Joseph, Uxbridge-road, Ealing, Middlesex, corn, chandler and seedman.

Cargill, Clementine, 34, The College, Bromley, Kent, widow.

Evans, Joseph, late of 15, Ridgway-place, Wimbledon, and Myrtle-villa, Bedford-road, Chapham, Surrey, (now a prisoner in the Queen's Bench Prison), builder.

Horsell, John, Villison, Tottenham, Middlesex, builder.

L. J. John, 4, Essex-street, Forest-gate, Essex.

Hendry, William Thomas, 71, Cannon-street West, ironmonger and commission agent, dealer and chapman.

Baldry, George, Chesterton, Cambridgeshire, farmer.

Atkins, James, 29, Archer-street, Kensington-park, Nottingham, Middlesex, butcher, dealer and chapman.

Merecraft, Edwin, 31, Burlington-arcade, Piccadilly, picture dealer and chapman.

Wilson, John, 19, Edgware-road, Middlesex, coffee-house keeper.

Soley, John Toadale, High-street, Wandsworth, Surrey, plumber, glazier, and beer-seller.

Paul, Joseph, Seely Farm, Upper Clatford, Hants, farmer.

Soverby, Joseph, and Totton, Charles Thomas, 272, Regent-street, Middlesex, drapers.

Leigh, Henry Jones, 76, Leather-lane, Holborn, Middlesex, draper.

Booby, William, Wodington, Suffolk, farmer.

Austin, Richard Barnes, Berrington-house, Tenbury, Worcestershire, gentleman.

Wilmhurst, George, Birmingham, surgeon and apothecary.

Matthews, Miles, Birmingham, licensed victualler.

Hawthorn, John, Dursley, Staffordshire, builder.

Smithies, Charles, 4, Warbeck-place, Leeds, commercial agent.

Stonhouse, Richard Carr, Darlington, Durham, corn-facto and agent, and corn miller.

Wood, George, Sunderland and East Boldon, Durham, timber merchant.

Tomlinson, John, and Sharples, John, Granby-row, Manchester, joiners and builders.

Goodheim, Sampson, Manchester, cloth cap manufacturer.

Tice, Robert, Manchester, joiner and packing-case maker.

Bell, Jonathan, Cefn-Gwyn, near Aberystwith, Cardiganshire, mining agent.

INSOLVENT PETITIONERS.

W. Clark, Everton, Lancashire, smith and wheelwright.—C. Rogers, Liverpool, milk dealer.—N. G. Jordan, Liverpool, butcher and provision dealer.—X. Martin, Liverpool, fruiterer and salesman.—W. H. Orrett, Everton, Lancashire, photographic artist.—T. Carney, Liverpool, painter and distempler.—J. Chalmers, Paddington, Lancashire, beerhouse-keeper.—O. James, Liverpool, outfitter's assistant.—J. Alfred, Macclesfield, Gloucestershire, builder, contractor and labourer.—E. Davies, Darnley, Mountain Ash, Glamorganshire, out of business.—S. M. Davies, Swansea, Glamorganshire, merchant's clerk and coal dealer.—B. Stephens, Nelson Village, Gloucestershire, grocer, engineer, and stoker.—T. Evans, Llanfalon, Gloucestershire, innkeeper and rate collector.—T. Morgan, Bedminster, Gloucestershire, out of business.—J. Curry, Bristol, Gloucestershire, out of business.—T. Prigg, Bristol, Gloucestershire, labourer and time-keeper.—S. Yager, Plymouth, Devonshire, general dealer.—W. Bickley, Devonport, Devonshire, elder and forage dealer.—J. Saunders, Colchester, Devonshire, carpenter and builder.—J. Baldwin, Stourport, Worcestershire, boot and leather dealer.—J. Perfect, Birkenhead, Cheshire, fancy wicker chair-maker.—W. J. Macdonough, Birkenhead, Cheshire, surgeon and registered practitioner.—G. Benson, Balford-upon-Trent, Nottinghamshire, corn thrasher and labourer.—D. Pugh, Vennington, Shropshire, farmer, haulier, and beer-seller.—R. Heath, Torquay, Devonshire, smith and wire-worker.—M. Skidmore, Tredwary, Gloucestershire, corn porter.—G. Sturdy, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Northumberland, painter and glazier.—J. Nesbitt, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Northumberland, fitter.—W. S. Bell, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Northumberland, assistant store-keeper to the Elswick Ordnance Company's Works.—R. Clark, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Northumberland, labourer.—R. Johnson, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Northumberland, chemist and druggist.—J. Jordan, Lincoln, no business.—R. Jarvis, Southborough, Tonbridge, Kent, plumber, painter, and glazier.—T. Rev, Appledore, Devonshire, master mariner.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.

Cooper and Co., Glasgow, straw hat makers.

J. M. Pherson, prisoner in the North Prison of Glasgow.

T. Miller, Edinburgh.

A. Thompson, Kirkcaldie, Dunbartonshire, grocer.

J. Robertson, Middleton of Rottenrass, Perthshire, farmer.

J. Grant, Grantown, Inverness-shire, carter.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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